

# TIME

## HOW HE DOES IT

Inside  
Clinton's  
campaign  
to survive



## The new Power Macintosh G3.



The Power Macintosh G3 has been completely reinvented. With Pentium-crushing PowerPC® G3 processors up to 400MHz, the world's first integrated ATI RAGE 128 2D/3D-graphics accelerator (the new industry speed champ, faster than even the venerated Voodoo2 add-in card), up to a full gigabyte of memory and up to 100GB of internal disk storage.\* The new Power Macintosh G3 gives

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# What third seat?

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The all-new Odyssey. It's one big happy minivan.



**The Best Money Can Buy:** China's shopping spree (see WORLD)



**Thumbs Up?**: Clinton takes impeachment to the mat, and the wrestling gets muddy (see COVER)



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David Van Biema/Aboard the *Michael J. Grainger*

## Roll Away, Roll Away

Jim Wilkinson's ministerial territory is spread over 1,808 watery miles

**S**PANKY DULEY IS SPILLING HIS HEART TO THE REV. JIM WILKINSON, and it sounds like a country song in overdrive. Spanky's wife left him. The girlfriend who followed left him. The woman he's courting is the sister of his ex-wife's new husband. Wilkinson acknowledges Duley's "difficulties" and congratulates him on the upside—that his young daughter continues to live with him. As the men talk, a changing landscape of fancy houses, junkyards, suburbs and woods unscrolls on either side of them. Two football fields away, over Duley's shoulder, the blue jack-staff light marks the front end of 45 million lbs. of cargo that the boat they are on, the *Michael J. Grainger*, is pushing up the Ohio River. Black water purrs gently off bargesides.

When Wilkinson, 55, retired after 22 nomadic years as an Army chaplain, he remembers thinking "the appropriate thing would be to get settled." Then his Episcopal bishop spotted an ad announcing that the Seamen's Church Institute, which has ministered to ocean mariners for 165 years, was expanding to the nation's towboat fleet. Within months, Wilkinson and his colleague Karen Cox were staring at a pastoral fiefdom encompassing the Ohio River, part of the Cumberland and the Mississippi from Greenville, Miss., up to Lock 27 above St. Louis—1,808 miles as the catfish swims.

In bygone days the job would have been not just daunting but preposterous. River towns still treasure tales of binging, brawling and murder among flatboatmen whose godlessness was a point of pride. The stereotype is outdated: massive consolidation hit the freight-barge business in the 1980s, and large firms like the Ingram Barge Co., which owns the *Grainger*, imposed large-firm professionalism: no drinking or smoking on board and a zero-tolerance drug policy enforced with random testing. Even a crew bent on mayhem would have trouble scheduling it. The tows run 24 hours a day, and for the length of their 30-day shifts, the boatmen never touch dry land except to take a boat through a lock.

That doesn't mean they don't have their discontents. Their work, the constant unstitching and restitching of 200-ft. barges into the tow, can be tedious when not frenzied. Their month-long absences are like those of truckers, except that calls home over ship-to-shore phones are prohibitively expensive. Recounts *Grainger* pilot Kip Brown: "Three days af-

ter my daughter was born, I caught a boat in St. Louis for 60 days. My wife didn't stand for too much of that. The second marriage, two sons, pretty much the same. I got one now I just married, she comes from a towboatin' family." As for churchgoing, it's "so easy to forget. When you get home, you tell yourself you don't want to let anything get in the way of a time off."

Wilkinson's approach to this challenge is low-key. Unlike the motorboat-riding evangelists ("ambulance chasers," he calls them) who infest some locks, Wilkinson wants only to draw the men more closely into the Christian community to which most of them already belong. He has set up an 800 number for mariners in need of emergency pastoral care far from home, and in three months has logged 7,000 land miles in

his white Ford Escort, recruiting shoreside ministers to respond. Boarding the *Grainger* at the Robert C. Byrd lock in West Virginia, he forgoes preaching in favor of hearing the crew's news and distributing the prayer schedule of the institute's tiny Paducah, Ky., chapel: the boatmen can join in as their work shifts and the river permit. When one deckhand stabbed another in Paducah in November, and a pilot fell off a tow in Greenville last month, Wilkinson visited the survivors "to let people know someone is concerned when things happen on the river."

They appear to get the message. "That sell you have, that's a good sell," says *Grainger* captain Billy Burkett, as his boat eases past the mouth of the Kanawha River. He wears a Hawaiian shirt and a faded tattoo of a bird on his arm. "You try and convert people, they'll just back away. But this little place here is our city and our town, and every city needs a parson, and you're ours."

Ten hours later, as Wilkinson debarks in Marietta, Ohio, Spanky Duley and some other deckhands request a sermon the next time the chaplain comes on. He mulls *Mark 4: 35*, in which Jesus and the disciples, crossing the Sea of Galilee to preach on the far shore, encounter a storm that threatens their boat. "The guys on the towboats may not think they are in a spectacularly good environment in which to be religious," Wilkinson says. "But in the end, I think they can minister to one another. You know, the disciples ultimately got safely to the other side of that lake, and a lot of good work got done. I think if I move the pieces of the story around a little, it could have some effect."



NOT THE JORDAN, THE OHIO: Wilkinson chatting with pilot Brown

**“Every city needs a parson, and you’re ours.”**

—CAPTAIN BILLY BURKETT



Naomi Campbell and Larry King,  
National Italian American Foundation Gala,  
Hilton Washington & Towers.

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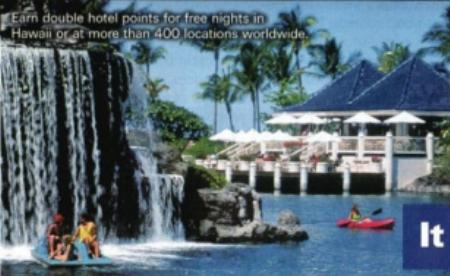
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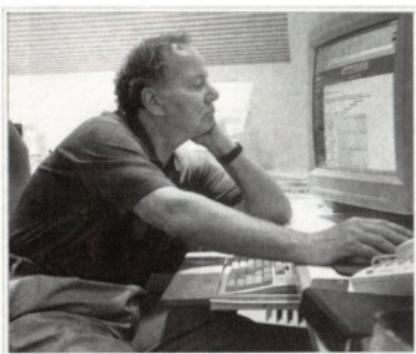


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## It's housecleaning at Howard's.



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BIGRX	ANCIENT INCOME AND GROWTH	894,482	\$25,269.82	28.24
SPRDX	SPRINGFIELD FUND	1,000,000	\$25,000.00	25.00
SCIGX	SCULPTURE GROWTH & INCOME	3,588,864	\$97,617.10	27.00
SHDFX	SHOULD'R SHORE FUND INC	3,371,187	\$94,662.93	28.08
AMAT	APPLIED MATERIALS INC	2,050	\$78,790.75	39.15
ADBE	ADobe SYSTEMS INC	2,000	\$23,790.00	11.90
CSCO	CISCO SYSTEMS INC	3,000	\$80,375.00	30.375
GE	GENERAL ELECTRIC	1,012,989	\$86,406.25	86.8125
HIS	HIGH INCOME INC	4,000	\$12,000.00	3.00
INTC	INTEL CORP	1,703,370	\$100,032.28	111.5625
EL	LAUDER ESTATE CO INC CL	1,005,7348	\$72,664.34	72.15
PG	PROCTER & GAMBLE CO	450,000	\$30,000.00	67.50
SCHWAB	SCHWAB.COM FUND PLS 995 RBD	10,020	\$1,000.00	111.250
<b>TOTALS</b>			<b>\$2,438,784.90</b>	

12/14/98

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funds. With that cash I'll be looking to take advantage of any temporary price drops on some good companies I already own. I've got alerts on schwab.com for Applied Materials, Intel and Home Depot. And, when any of those stocks hiccups, it'll notify me. I'll be ready." **HOWARD**

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MRK	MARSH CO INC	13	\$1,893.00	143.96%
PEP	PEPSICO INC	13,420.00	\$1,289.29	37.00%
PFRT	PEOPLESOFTEC INC	15	\$255.00	17.00
YUM	TRICON GLOBAL RESTR INC	1	\$45.38	40.37%
WFM	WALMART FOODS MARKET INC	37	\$261.00	41.87%
<b>TOTALS</b>			<b>\$6,560.77</b>	

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"I'm glad to report that our stock group, which was aiming to double our investment in 5 years, has done it in just 2. We just sold one of our stocks, because it seems to have pretty much leveled off.

"And we're beginning to look a little more seriously at technology, specifically the internet and wireless categories. So I'm researching them on schwab.com, where I can read the analysts' reports.

"As for my family, we're taking the money from doing these ads and putting it in an index fund. Actually, I'm looking at two, a large-cap and a small-cap. I compared no-load, no transaction fee mutual funds in the schwab.com OneSource area. Based on what I found there, and what I've confirmed from a lot of people, I think it's the right way to go.

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## LETTERS



### The Future of Medicine

**"Genetic codes aren't something we should mess around with. We were given our unique characteristics for a reason."**

SARAH LOZO  
Dallas, Pa.

APRIL READING YOUR ARTICLES ON BIOTECHNOLOGY [THE FUTURE OF MEDICINE, Jan. 11], I realized that for better or for worse, genetic engineering is now a permanent fixture in our daily life. Its potential to benefit society is great. However, many have decided that genetic engineering is unethical and immoral. We should remember that any knowledge can be used for evil and unethical purposes. It's not the field of genetic engineering that's unethical or ethical but how we choose to make use of the new scientific developments.

ANDREW MCCONNON, AGE 15  
Brampton, Ont.

BEFORE WE GET TOO CARRIED AWAY BY the idea of improving human intelligence with genetic technology, it's worth noting that no domesticated animal is more intelligent than its wild, undomesticated ancestor. Compare a domesticated dog with a wolf or a coyote, and the tame dog will come up short. Intelligence evolves in response to heavy selective pressures in the struggle for survival. The lean, mean environment of the urban poor, not the "pop genetics" of the affluent suburbs, is already producing some of our next generation's geniuses.

JOHN W. HOOPES  
Lawrence, Kans.

RE YOUR STORY "GOOD EGGS, BAD EGGS," on prenatal genetic testing: if his parents had used this procedure, wouldn't physicist Stephen Hawking [who suffers from Lou Gehrig's disease] have been considered a bad egg?

RON THIMOT  
Haverhill, Mass.

HOW UTTERLY TYPICAL OF THE U.S. AS A society to invest so extravagantly in expanding the knowledge of genetics while at the same time excising every last bit of caring from our health-care system. Knowledge without the insight to use it compassionately is terrifying, as

your article on eugenics made abundantly clear. Give me the new genetically engineered therapies, but, Mr. Insurance Man, also give me a moment with my patient to explain what it all means.

JONATHAN SHELDON, M.D.  
Englewood, Colo.

GENETIC TESTING MAY BE THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION NEEDED TO SAVE BILLIONS OF DOLLARS ON ONE POUND OF CURE IN LATER LIFE.

GENE RATNER  
Carson City, Nev.

HUMAN EXPERIENCE SUGGESTS THAT ONE of the least valuable measures of human progress is a long and healthy life. It is more often the genetic mishaps that enable us to see beyond functionality to a different essence of human value. We need to be patient because the growth rate of knowledge far outstrips our comprehension. It is only with the grace of understanding that we can make wise judgments about the use of knowledge.

KEN WHELAN  
San Francisco

GUESS WHERE MOST OF THE GENETICALLY perfect kids, developed as a result of gene insertion, will go? Straight to full-time day care, so their parents can pay off

### Dear Designer Baby

Your mother and I created you but then decided to give you a little help by inserting some desired genes. We thought you should look as nice as possible, so you're quite handsome now. We thought it might help if you were a little smarter than others, and so you are. And you should be slim, not fat. We love you, so we made you a better person. Hope you like yourself.

Love, Dad\*

\*Austin E. Sakong, Woodbridge, N.J.

the \$50,000 spent to have them. If the kids are not perfect, we can turn to your magazine, filled with Pfizer ads, to help us cope with this horrific life through various drugs. Having kids is about unconditional love, and life is about struggle. But in the future, maybe happiness will lie in kids—only the perfect ones—and in prescription drugs that cost a lot of money.

HELLEREN GREGORY  
Walnut Creek, Calif.

### The Frankenstein Factor

THE GENETICALLY MODIFIED CROPS DESCRIBED in "Brave New Farm" [THE FUTURE OF MEDICINE, Jan. 11] do indeed cause alarm among Europeans who are wary of the unknown consequences of hormones on food. And it's easy to understand why Europeans fear this Frankenstein factor like the plague. May they long resist the pressure of the drug and chemical industries to increase food production at the expense of their health. Some people see the "Roseanne effect," the obese state of Americans, and blame it on bioengineered foods. And looking like Roseanne is scarier than seeing Frankenstein's monster.

GEIR H. GUNNARSSON  
Vancouver

### Maybe Some Good from Bad

PERHAPS SOME GOOD CAN COME FROM the impeachment mess [NATION, Jan. 11]. Maybe U.S. politics can evolve into a three-party system wherein the purists are represented by the Liberal and Conservative parties, while a moderate party signs up those who attempt to understand the validity of all sides of an issue and reach an 80% consensus before moving forward.

PATRICK FLOYD  
Birch Bay, Wash.

IS THERE ANY WAY TO IMPEACH THE CONGRESS BEFORE 2000?

RICHARD MILES  
Los Angeles

CLINTON IS BEING ASSASSINATED JUST AS surely as Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley and Kennedy were. This time the conspirators simply choose to assassinate the President's character and let blind justice do the rest. The simplicity of it all is astounding. The willing women, the convenient tapes, the DNA sample and the immunity from prosecution all spell setup. President Clinton is being shot down by the softest bullets in history.

BRIAN DAVIDSON  
Dryden, Ont.

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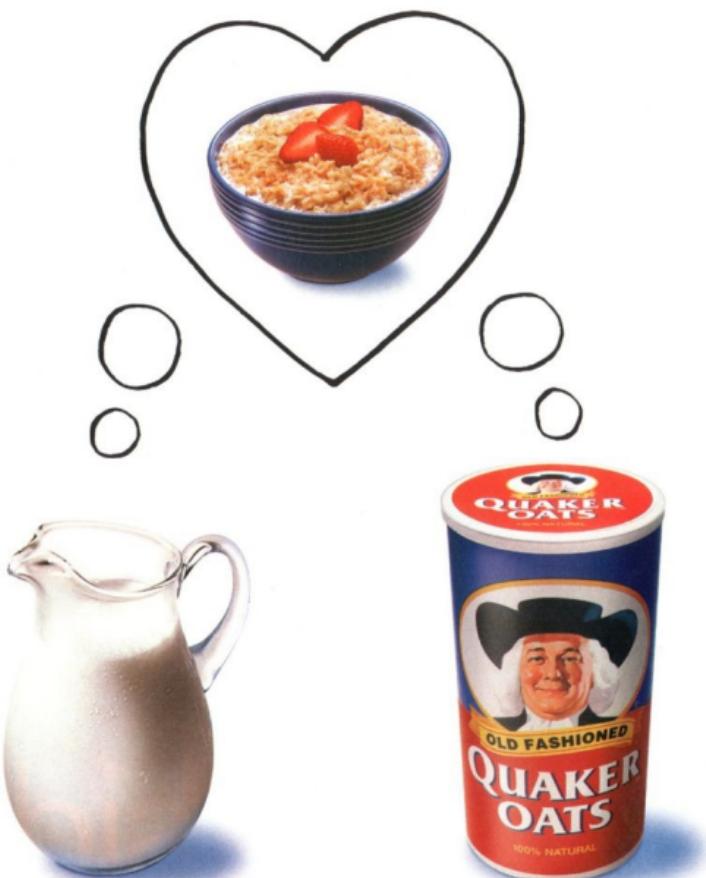
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got milk?

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## ANTARCTIC ADVENTURE: A CHANCE TO SEE HISTORY



The James Caird saved the day

frigid, storm-swept seas, they arrived safely at South Georgia Island, a journey of 800 miles, and were subsequently able to rescue the entire crew. Our account of the voyage caught the attention of Harding Dunnett, chairman of the James Caird Society in London, who alerted us to the fact that the remarkable whaler still exists and can be seen by visitors. In fact, it will soon be making another long voyage. Wrote Dunnett: "The James Caird is preserved at Dulwich College, Shackleton's old school in South London. She will have a place of honor in New York City in April, when she will be on display at the exhibition featuring Hurley's photographs at the American Museum of Natural History."

## The Voice of Terror

YOUR INTERVIEW WITH ACCUSED TERRORIST mastermind Osama bin Laden, revealing his warped concept of Islam, was scary [WORLD, Jan. 11]. It is unfortunate that in the name of one of the great religions of the world, this renegade millionaire uses his money to instigate murder rather than feed the hungry or lift up his fellow man.

SAMUEL KAGEL  
Wilmington, Del.

I AGREE WITH BIN LADEN IN HIS OPPOSITION to America. The U.S. goes where its own interests lie. Launching air attacks on Iraq while not using force to stop the killings of Kosovar refugees is but one example of America's double standard.

IMRAN YOUNAS KHAN  
Rawalpindi, Pakistan

THE SADISTIC VIEWS EXPRESSED BY BIN Laden are not those of Islam or of Muslims but rather those of an ill man.

REZA SOLTANZADEH  
Los Angeles

HOW CAN BIN LADEN, WHO SO OFTEN refers to God, confess to being pleased at the bestial killings achieved "by the grace of God"? How can he justify the murder of innocent people in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam—women, children, men, some of them probably Muslim. Of course he cannot. This unmasks him as the kind of leader he really is—a bloody, murderous terrorist.

WILLIBALD SONTAG  
Koblenz, Germany

Our piece about Frank Hurley's newly published photographs of Sir Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic saga [HISTORY, Oct. 26] mentioned the explorer's dramatic rescue mission in a two-masted, 22-ft. whaler, the *James Caird*. When ice crushed the ship that carried his 27-man expedition, Shackleton and five others set out on April 24, 1916, in the small *James Caird* from an uninhabited rock in the Scotia Sea to get help. After 16 days spent battling

the waves, they arrived safely at South Georgia Island, a journey of 800 miles, and were subsequently able to rescue the entire crew. Our account of the voyage caught the attention of Harding Dunnett, chairman of the James Caird Society in London, who alerted us to the fact that the remarkable whaler still exists and can be seen by visitors. In fact, it will soon be making another long voyage. Wrote Dunnett: "The James Caird is preserved at Dulwich College, Shackleton's old school in South London. She will have a place of honor in New York City in April, when she will be on display at the exhibition featuring Hurley's photographs at the American Museum of Natural History."

BIN LADEN'S INTERPRETATION OF ISLAM IS not shared by most Muslims, since Islam is a religion of peace. But the U.S. became involved in Bosnia very late,

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only after thousands of innocent Muslims had been killed, and it still has not acted to prevent the persecution of ethnic Albanians in Kosovo.

SHOAIB AZIZ  
Karachi

## To Each Her Own

WHEN SHE MET WITH MONICA LEWINSKY [NOTEBOOK, Jan. 11], Barbara Walters was quoted as saying, "I found Monica warm and intelligent and very open." How sweet! After all, Barbara also found Richard Nixon "sexy"!

MARIANNE BERGER  
Lakewood, Colo.

## Spare Change Doesn't Cut It

THANK YOU FOR THE KIND MENTION OF US as street performers in your piece on PBS's program about music along the Mississippi River [TELEVISION, Jan. 11]. However, we do not play just for "spare change," as your story stated. We want your money, honey! Throw us a dollar or throw us a five; help keep us alive! Or if you can afford plenty, give us a 20! We are winners of awards in New Orleans. Also, we play fairs and festivals all over the world. And here you can't even get even coffee for spare change anymore.

DAVID LEONARD AND  
ROSELYN LIONHART  
New Orleans

## Corrections

OUR ARTICLE ON GENE HUNTER CRAIG Venter [THE FUTURE OF MEDICINE, Jan. 11] incorrectly referred to Venter's mentor; he is Ronald Nadel, not Nadal.

A "Numbers" item [NOTEBOOK, Jan. 11] had incorrect figures for Wal-Mart's current market capitalization. It is \$178 billion, not \$15.4 billion.

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## NOTEBOOK

### VERBATIM

**“He touched on every subject except his dog and the homeless—and he promised everybody something, so you’ve got to like it.”**

**TOMMY THOMPSON,**  
Wisconsin’s Republican Governor, on the State of the Union speech

**“We are not encouraged.”**

**JAMES RUBIN,**  
State Department spokesman, on talks between Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic and NATO generals

**“It’s going to be different for me this time around, running for President ... I will be in control.”**

**DAN QUAYLE,**  
on his prospective bid for the presidency

**“Does she change her hair a lot?”**

**MADONNA,**  
discussing the First Lady

**“We’re going to see this thing through until they shut the door on us.”**

**REPRESENTATIVE HENRY HYDE,**  
Clinton prosecutor, on the impeachment hearings

Sources: Thompson, New York Times; Rubin, AP; Quayle, Indianapolis Star; Madonna, CNN’s Larry King Live; Hyde, Washington Post



Bill Watterson

**TONIGHT’S THE NIGHT I CAN’T GET NO SATISFACTION** The U.N. declared 1999 to be the Year of the Older Person. Perhaps a Committee on Older Rock Stars Whose Model Wives Have Split could help Mick Jagger and Rod Stewart

### WINNERS & LOSERS



#### CHERYL MILLS

Not much riding on her first big courtroom appearance—just the President—and she aces it

#### ST. LOUIS

Founded by Catholics, but just getting its first visit from a Pope. St. Paul is still waiting

#### GEORGE LUNDBERG

A.M.A. in talks to rehire axed editor after calls from doctors and interest from *60 Minutes*



#### JUAN ANTONIO SAMARANCH

Scandal widens; two I.O.C. members resign. That \$14,000 sword from Nagano is hanging over his head

#### FIBER

Study suggests it does little to prevent colon cancer. And the box it comes in tastes better

#### STEVEN SPIELBERG

His submarine-themed eatery, *Dive*, turned out to be one, and it had to be given *Das Boot*



## SEXGATE

## Starr's Top Deputy: Have Gun, Will Travel

**KEN STARR'S** RIGHTEHAND MAN MAY BE ready to bolt. **JACKIE BENNETT**, Starr's top deputy, has interviewed with at least one Washington law firm with strong Republican credentials, promising to bring paying clients with him. Bennett's aggressive prosecutorial style has made him one of the most controversial figures in Starr's office and the one most despised by the White House. A veteran of the

Justice Department's public-integrity section, Bennett has been under wraps ever since the federal judge overseeing Starr's grand jury called for an investigation of leaks from the independent counsel's shop; Bennett had been fingered as one of the media's main contacts there. Could his departure mean that he saw diminished prospects that **PRESIDENT CLINTON** would ever be indicted? Starr's office declined to comment. —By **Viveca Novak/Washington**



Bennett

## PUBLISHING

## Hillary Offered \$5 Million To Tell (Almost) All

THERE'S ONE WAY **HILLARY CLINTON** COULD make back all the money she and her husband forked over to Paula Jones, while getting a little sly revenge on Bill: take the \$5 million book contract **JUDITH REGAN** is offering her. Regan is the saucy Harper-Collins editor known for making gravy with such authors as Rush Limbaugh and Wally Lamb. But, says the First Lady's lawyer, Robert Barnett, "for now, Mrs. Clinton is not considering any book offers. She will not turn her attention to that before 2001." In fact, some speculate that Hillary could command well over \$5 million if she de-

cides to spill the beans. Why is Regan prepared to pay so much? "The most valuable political property is her book, if she does it," says Regan. "Hers would be the most interesting story, both personally and professionally." But for that kind of money, Mrs. Clinton would have to tell almost all, admits

the publisher. "Not everything, but quite a bit." Clearly Regan isn't ruing the one that got away: Monica. Having snubbed a \$4 million book and TV offer from Regan before the Starr report was out,

Monica was offered less than \$1 million for a book afterward. The deal died, says Regan, partly because of the Lewinsky camp's distaste for another big-haired author of hers: Howard Stern. —By **Andrea Sachs/New York**



Regan

## THE ART WORLD

## Changing the Paintings As Fast as the Sheets

OH, HOW THEY LAUGHED WHEN **STEVE WYNN** brought Picasso and Matisse to his casino in Las Vegas. Was the guy nuts? High art in the high desert? But when Wynn, the chairman of Mirage Resorts

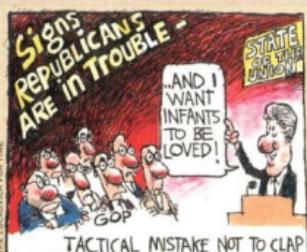
Inc., rolls the dice, he usually wins. His tiny two-room gallery at the Bellagio hotel has lured more than 100,000 people since its opening in late October. In the past month, more than

2,000 people a day have been ante upping \$10 each to see Wynn's collection of 20 paintings, from Degas to Picasso. Wynn has also made his presence felt as an art dealer. Since the Bellagio opened three months ago, Wynn has sold a number of pieces from the late 20th century: a Jasper Johns, a Lichtenstein, two Warhol pieces and Rauschenberg's *The Small Red Painting*, which purportedly went to billionaire publisher **SI NEWHOUSE**. "He has got rid of quite a few 20th century paintings and is starting to go into the Renaissance," says **ALAN FELDMAN**, Wynn's spokesman. In fact, he has added a Rembrandt, a Rubens and a Renoir. To those surprised by all this commerce, well, it is Vegas. "We're not a museum. We're a gallery," says Feldman. And a pretty high-rolling one at that. —By **Cathy Booth/Las Vegas**

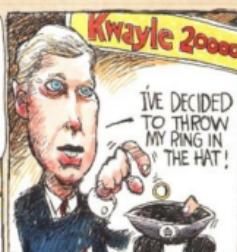
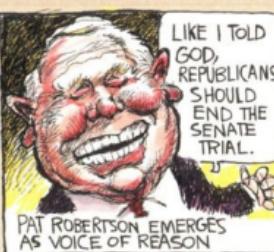


Wynn

## THE DRAWING BOARD



MIKE LEONARD FOR TIME



# CLASS OF '99

## STATE OF THE UNION YEARBOOK

### UPDATE

#### Pilot Discord on No. 111?

WHEN SWISSAIR FLIGHT 111 CRASHED OFF Nova Scotia last fall, many experts were surprised that the pilots turned out to sea to dump fuel—a standard emergency tactic—but one that may have given the plane's suspected wiring problem enough time to force the craft down. Last week the *Wall Street Journal* reported that a preliminary summary of a cockpit recording showed that co-pilot Stefan Lowe suggested landing immediately but was overruled repeatedly by Captain Urs Zimmermann, who focused on the procedural checklist.

#### Still Dead, Though

POL POT DIED OF AN OVERDOSE, NOT A heart attack as Cambodian officials claimed last April, according to the *Far Eastern Economic Review*. The late dictator swallowed tranquilizers and antimalarial pills upon discovering that a Khmer Rouge comrade,

Ta Mok, planned to turn him over to the U.S. for trial. Ta Mok offered to make Pol Pot available in

March, the article by journalist Nate Thayer claimed. But U.S. officials declined, saying they needed more time to prepare to arrest and try him.



Jennifer Dunn Best Makeover



Ruth Bader Ginsburg Worst Dressed



Ernest ("Fritz") Hollings Too Cool for School



Hillary Clinton  
Most Likely to Be Thinking  
One Thing but Doing Another



Dennis Hastert  
Most Powerful  
Unknown Guy



John Breaux  
Most in Need  
of Caffeine



Jim Sensenbrenner  
Most Resembles the  
Late Chris Farley



Strom Thurmond  
Most Resembles  
an X-Files Extra



Barney Frank  
Most Full of  
Team Spirit



Steve Largent  
Most Full of  
Holy Spirit



Bill Clinton  
Just Call Him Mr. Popularity



Rosa Parks  
Least Likely to Give Up  
Her Seat



Ileana Ros-Lehtinen  
Most Likely to Push Child  
into Photo Op with Guy  
She Voted to Impeach

#### ROLE MODEL

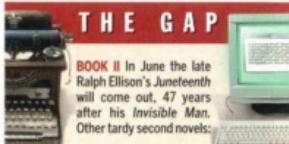


**LISTEN UP** Chief Justice William Rehnquist may want to bring the libretto next time he goes to a Gilbert and Sullivan show. He has said that he put four gold stripes on his robe in imitation of a costume he saw on the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe*. Bad choice. The Lord Chancellor describes his duties this way:

*The constitutional guardian /  
Of pretty young wards in Chancery.  
All very agreeable girls—and none  
Are over the age of twenty-one.  
A pleasant occupation for  
A rather susceptible chancellor!*

—With thanks to Lawrence O'Donnell of MSNBC

#### THE GAP



**BOOK II** In June the late Ralph Ellison's *Juneteenth* will come out, 47 years after his *Invisible Man*. Other tardy second novels:

**TOM WOLFE** **11**

*The Bonfire of the Vanities* ('87), *A Man in Full* ('98)

**JOSEPH HELLER** **13**

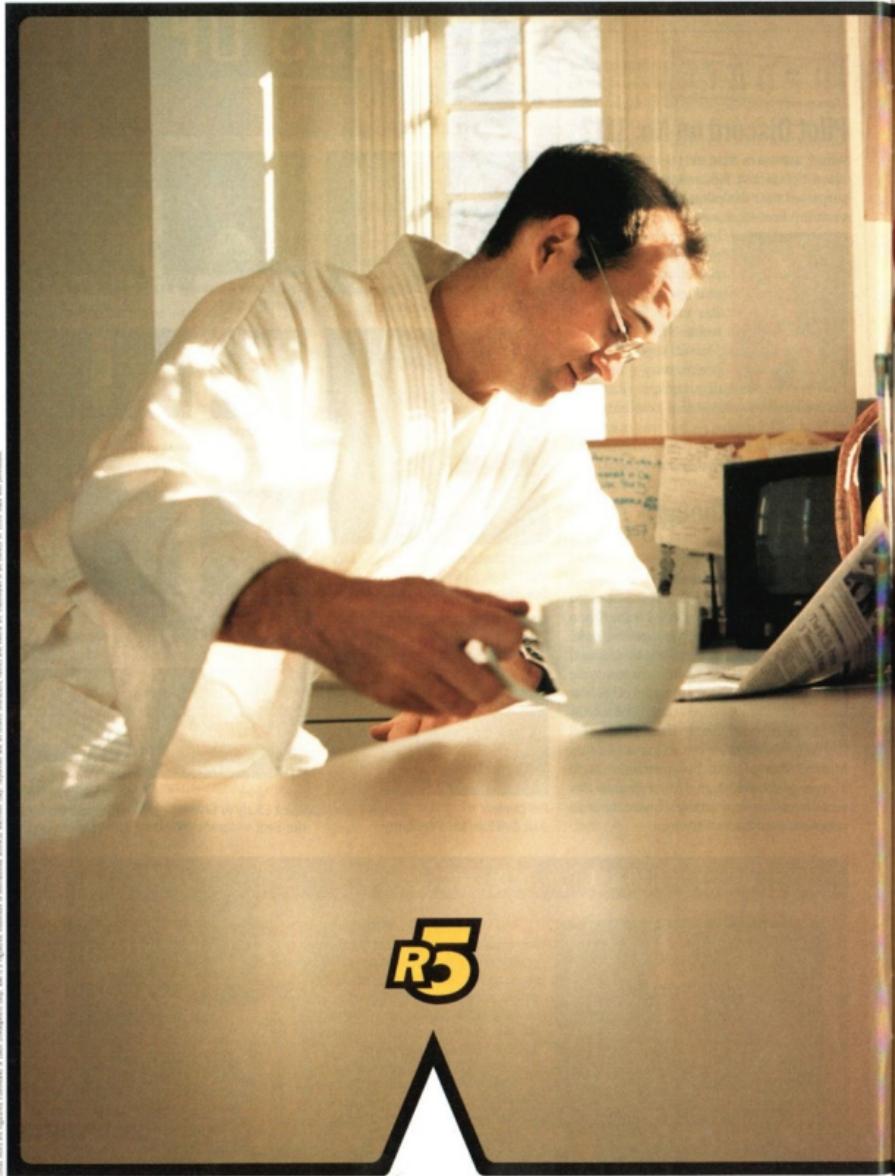
*Catch-22* ('61), *Something Happened* ('74)

**DOROTHY WEST** **47**

*The Living Is Easy* ('48), *The Wedding* ('95)

**HENRY ROTH** **60**

*Call It Sleep* ('34), *A Star Shines Over Mt. Morris Park* ('94)



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## Antichrist Like Me

**A**S A JEWISH CHILD, I WAS ENCOURAGED TO CONSIDER a lot of professions: oncologist, anesthesiologist, radiologist, cardiologist, even proctologist—though that wasn't highly recommended. But Antichrist, from what I recall, wasn't mentioned at all. So when Jerry Falwell declared at a conference of Evangelicals that the Antichrist was a living Jewish male, I was disgusted. I mean, Falwell had to be the laziest preacher alive. He's all talk, no action. What was he so busy with that was more important than finding the Antichrist? Fixing the Y2K bug? Eating doughy fried foods? Let's find him, Jer, and make his little Jewish head spin like a dreidel. I was pumped.

The first person I decided to investigate was me, mostly because I was right there. The Antichrist, Falwell explained later, was Jewish because he was going to seem a lot like Christ, probably between 23 and 33 years old. Check. Also, not long ago, I had long flowing hair much like Jesus'. And though, like many Jews, my carpentry skills are weak, I recently learned to spackle. As far as turning the other cheek, in my one fight, in 11th grade, I kind of just stood there while a guy punched me in the face. Jesus had some kind of relationship with a hooker; I had seen *Pretty Woman*. Eerie.

The Antichrist has "666" on either his forehead or his right hand. It turns out that the hair on my right hand, if you squint at it as if it were one of those 3-D posters, spells out "666." Even scarier, the Sybiline Oracles say the Antichrist will become a popular world leader who secretly harbors sympathy for the devil—a song I own on CD by both the

Rolling Stones and Jane's Addiction. And a Polish website states he will be "wonderfully clever, talented and beautiful to look at." Eerie.

Most of me hoped I was not the Antichrist, partly because it sounded antisocial, but mostly because it seemed like hard work. Leading the world? Uniting countries? Taking on Christ? I'll stick to asking celebrities if they'll sleep with me, thank you.

But a small part of me hoped I was. Because I would definitely be the center of attention at my high school reunion.

"Yeah, Keri, I like it. There's a lot of paperwork, but mostly it's making speeches, erasing borders and working on my butt-kicking moves for the big

Christ fight. Here's my card, babe. Call me."

Thinking of myself as the Antichrist was empowering. When an editor gave me a deadline, I thought, "I'll give you a deadline, honey—Armageddon." At restaurants I'd eat food off my friends' plates. This wasn't specifically mentioned in *Revelation*, but I was interpreting.

But after some thought, I figured the real Antichrist was probably well on his way to world domination. Possibly in the field of arts and entertainment or usury. I considered Ben Stiller, but the Antichrist is supposed

to unite the world, and Stiller can't even open a major film by himself. That left me with Jon Stewart (too short), David Schwimmer (too Jewish, even for this part) and Adam Sandler. Yes, Adam Sandler. The actor who somehow got more than 20 million people to see *The Waterboy*. The guy who captured America with a character who rhymed words ending in -tion. Wasn't a man who slugged Bob Barker just one small step from jumping Christ in an alley? So, Jer, let's bag Sandler. And if we're wrong, at least he won't make any more films. ■



FROM LEFT: ALAN MORTENSEN—AP; TOM BANNAN—AP; DAVID TULIS—THE ATLANTA JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION

## FALCONRY

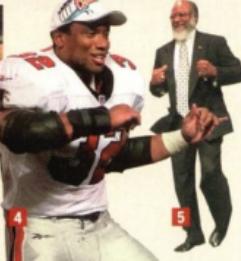
Defying the expectations of even their fans, the Atlanta Falcons are the Super Bowl. This means the Dirty Bird Dance could become the Next Big Thing. Here, prominent Georgians show you how to do the Bird.



- 1 Hop to the right with elbows raised, like **REP. KATHY ASHE**.
- 2 Hop to the left. Jerk right elbow down like **JAMAL ANDERSON**, the Bird's creator.
- 3 Copy **COACH DAN REEVES** and hop right, pushing



- 4 Hop left, jerk left elbow down, again like **ANDERSON**.
- 5 Finish like **THE REV. WILLIAM SHEALS**. Hop right, push left elbow away from body. Flap arms and keep hopping.



FROM LEFT: AP/WIDEWORLD; PHOTOFEST; PLANT/MIAMI HERALD; AP/WIDEWORLD

## MILESTONES



FRITZ SCHLEIBNER/AP

**MARRIED.** PRINCESS CAROLINE OF MONACO, 42, and PRINCE ERNST AUGUST OF HANOVER, 44, a cousin of the Windsors; at a private civil ceremony on her birthday, in Monaco. The wedding is his second and her third (she was divorced in 1980 and widowed in 1990). Caroline first met the German prince when she was in high school.

**EXPECTING.** CINDY CRAWFORD, 31, All-American cover girl; with nightclub impresario Rande Gerber, 36, whom she married last spring. The Gerber baby is due in June.

**AILING.** EVEL KNIEVEL, 60, motorcycle daredevil; awaiting a liver transplant owing to the effects of hepatitis C; in Tampa, Fla. Knievel believes he contracted the disease during one of 14 operations to repair the 35 broken bones and other injuries caused by his stunts.



EVERETT COLLECTION

**DIED.** SUSAN STRASBERG, 60, actress and buddy of Marilyn Monroe's; of cancer; in New York City. The daughter of acting teacher Lee Strasberg, she debuted on Broadway in 1955 as Anne Frank and appeared in two dozen films, including *Stage Struck* and *Picnic*.

**DIED.** LUCILLE KALLEN, 76, comedy writer for *Your Show of Shows*; in Ardsley, N.Y. Kallen was the only woman writer for Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca's classic 1950s show, where she worked with such comics as Carl Reiner and Woody Allen. Reiner, who later created *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, based the character Sally Rogers partly on Kallen.

**DIED.** JAY PRITZKER, 76, billionaire philanthropist and founder of the Hyatt hotel chain; in Chicago. In 1979 he established the Pritzker Architecture Prize, which is now considered the most prestigious honor in the field.



**DIED.** EUGENE S. PULLIAM, 84, publisher of the Indianapolis *Star* and the Indianapolis *News*; in Indianapolis, Ind. During a 64-year career in which he started as a paper boy, Pulliam became a strong defender of freedom of the press and attacked smear tactics used by Senator Joseph McCarthy.

**DIED.** FRANCES GODOWSKY, 92, painter and younger sister of George and Ira Gershwin; in New York City. Godowsky was a child dancer, bringing home \$40 a week (her brothers made \$15 on Tin Pan Alley). In 1930 she married Leopold Godowsky Jr., a co-creator of Kodachrome, and helped him test the film by posing in colored hats and dresses.

## 60 SECOND SYMPOSIUM

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☿ MERCURY	ADAPTABLE
♀ VENUS	STABLE
☽ MOON	PROTECTIVE
♂ MARS	VITAL
♃ JUPITER	DISCERNING
♄ SATURN	PRINCIPLED
♅ URANUS	LIBERAL
♆ NEPTUNE	CHARITY
♺ PLUTO	RESURRECTION

We were so alarmed to hear that Pluto might be demoted from "planet" to "trans-Neptunian object" by the International Astronomical Union that we asked our famed astrologers for their reactions:



**ATHENA STAR-WOMAN**, *Vogue*: Any one who understands astrology holds high regard for Pluto. It rules sex, power, hidden forces and the subconscious: the astrological force that brought about Bill and Monica's fateful alliance.



**MICHAEL LUTIN**, *Vanity Fair*: Too small to be a planet? Non-sense. Planet or iceball, Pluto has the power to bring about life-changing transformations. It can turn jerks into geniuses, so there's still hope for the scientists.



**KATHARINE MERLIN**, *Town & Country*: I think it will continue to hold its own in the astrological community. Curiously, Pluto is the "planet of transformation," so maybe this is entirely in keeping with what it symbolizes astrologically.

By Harriet Barwick, Tam Gray, Lina Lofaro, Daniel Levy, Michele Orecklin and Flora Tartakovsky

## NUMBERS



98

Number of times Bill Clinton's State of the Union address was interrupted by applause



1

Number of people who stood up to applaud after Clinton vowed to fight the Y2K problem



\$6.7 billion

Estimated value of the merger between Excite and @Home



\$181.2 million

Combined net loss, after costs, of the two companies in 1998



98%

Proportion of secretaries, stenographers and typists who are women



10%

How much less women in these professions get paid than men



\$70,000

Amount in inducements Australian Olympic Committee president John Coates offered two African I.O.C. members



2

Number of I.O.C. votes by which Sydney beat Beijing in the contest to host to the 2000 Olympic Games

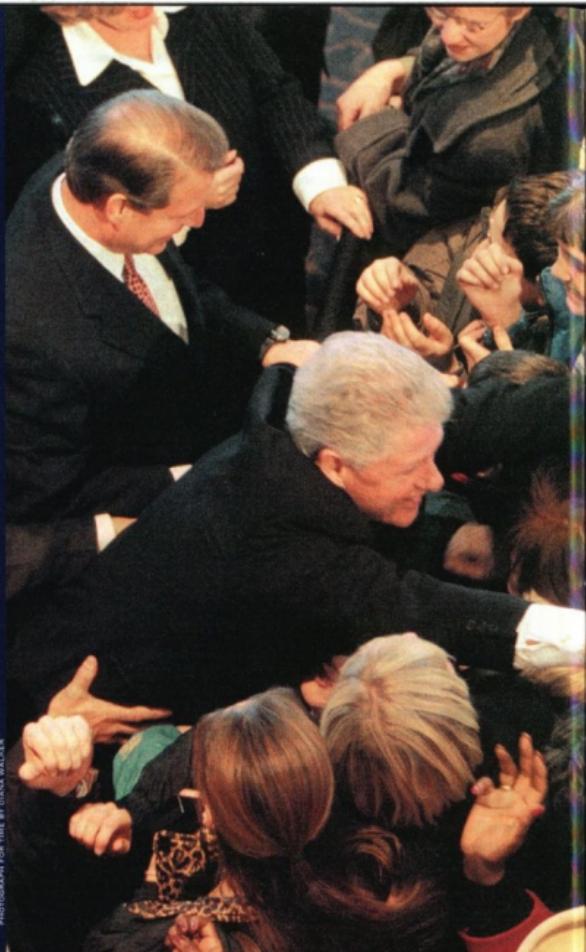
Sources: The State of the Union Address, USA Today, New York Times, Excite, Inc. News Release, Showtime Network News Release, National Committee on Pay Equity, CNN, AP

## NATION

By NANCY GIBBS

**L**IKE A WEASEL, BILL CLINTON emerges from the drainpipe shinier than when he went in. He has spent a year in the dark, ever since that night last January when he called his slippery guru Dick Morris and asked him to take the country's moral temperature. When Morris' polling suggested that people could stomach an affair but not a cover-up, Clinton's response was his mantra. "Well, we'll just have to win then." Now, on the anniversary of that vow, the President seems to have made good on it.

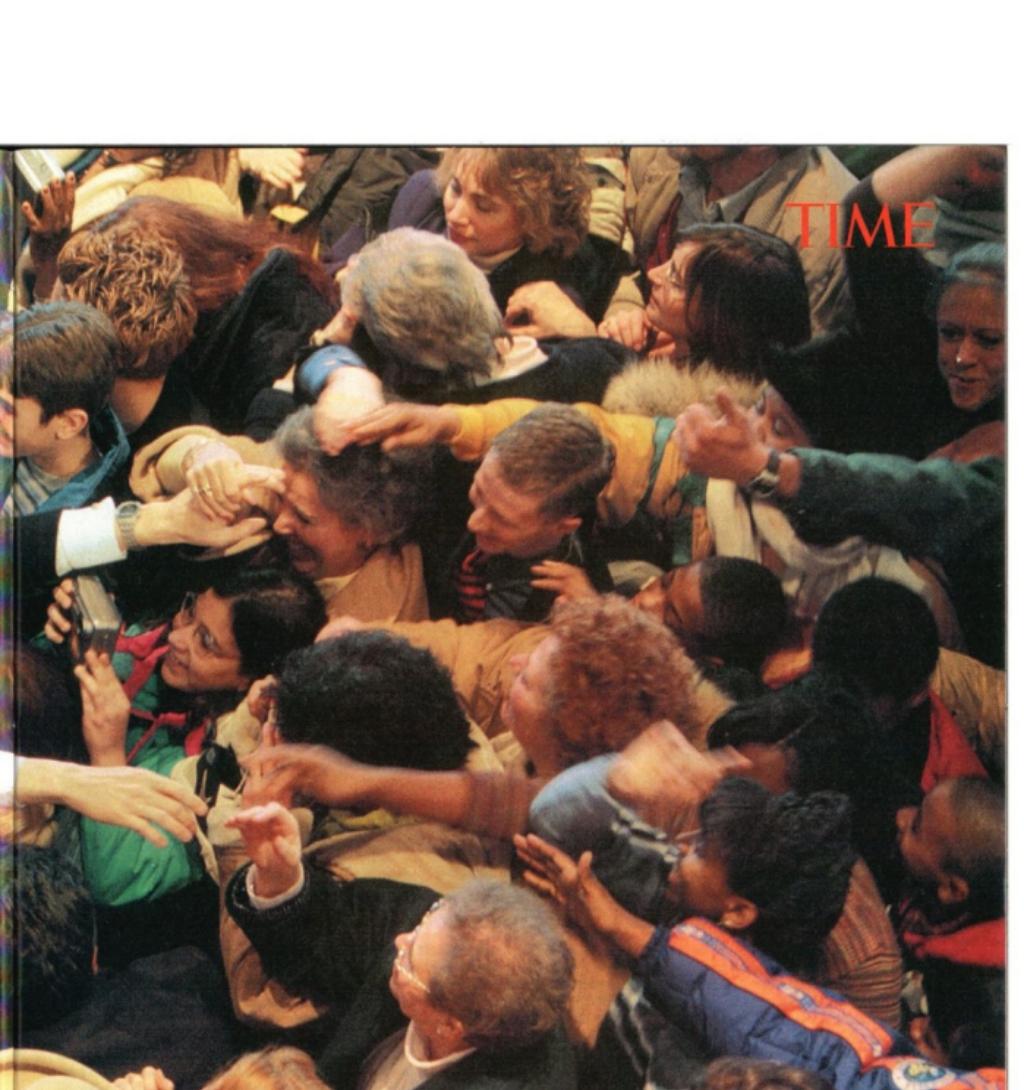
After a year spent denouncing Clinton's character—the lies he told, the friends he betrayed, the garbage he collected in the campaign to save his skin—even his enemies last week were left wondering at the political skill that goes with it. The most hardened pros could scarcely imagine the assignment Clinton took on. He stood Tuesday night before an audience that included the Senators who are in the process of deciding whether all the ways he dishonored his office warrant stripping him of it—and then he flaunted its power and magic, bet the farm, promised the moon, massaged his approval ratings, and went



PHOTOGRAPH FOR TIME BY DIANA WALKER

# THE LAST

Forget about compartments. Everything Clinton did during

A photograph showing a large, diverse crowd of people. Many individuals in the foreground have their hands raised, some reaching out towards the center. The crowd is a mix of ages and ethnicities, with people of various skin tones and styles. The scene appears to be a public gathering or protest.

TIME

# CAMPAIGN

his amazing week served one purpose: to save his skin

## TIME/CNN Poll

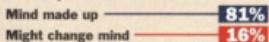
Once the first phase of the impeachment trial is complete, should the Senate vote to end the trial or to proceed with it?



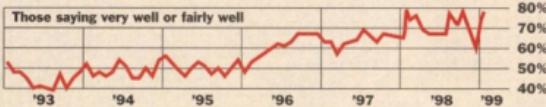
If the trial goes on, should the Senate hear testimony from witnesses?



Is your mind made up about whether Clinton should be removed from office, or do you think you might change your mind if you heard more evidence?



How well do you think things are going in the country these days?



From a telephone poll of 1,024 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN on Jan. 20-21 by Yankelovich Partners, Inc. Margin of error = 3.1%. "Not sure" omitted.

out the very next day, even as his own lawyers were in the Senate defending him as a louse who still deserved a break, and thanked the roaring crowds of Buffalo, N.Y., for "one of the great days of my presidency."

Bill Clinton is now waging the last campaign—a multifront war to keep his job by appearing to do his job, a war in which he has enlisted lawyers, pollsters, policy advisers, Democratic lawmakers and celebrities. It doesn't matter that he will be long retired before the promises he lofted hit the ground; his poll numbers are his legacy. Even inside the White House, some heard an elegy Tuesday night. "It's like the speech you give when you know you're not getting anything passed, when you have no agenda," says an adviser. "So why not keep talking about the things you care about?"

The head-splitting spectacle—trial by day, triumph by night—inspired another round of commentary about the compartmentalized President. And so it was easy to

miss the secret of his success. Maybe Bill Clinton is, in the end, the only person in this whole divisive drama who has remained intact, with a kind of wicked integrity all his own. One reason he can conduct Middle East peace talks in the morning and legal-strategy sessions at night, spray proposals on everything from digital mug shots to national parks, is that all the wild gestures and every last play work to the same goal—his survival, his popularity, his eternally orbiting polls.

Clinton's performance enthralled Senate Democrats to the point that Republican lawmakers conceded there was no longer a chance of finding the 67 votes needed to convict and threw open the question of whether this might all end sooner rather than later. "Clinton's won," said Christian Coalition founder Pat Robertson on his *700 Club* show, to the fury of many conservative allies. "They might as well dismiss the impeachment hearing and get on with something else, because it's over as far as I'm concerned." All that's left to argue is



whether history will remember Clinton's gifts as reason to excuse the pain he's caused or as a reminder of how much promise he wasted.

THE WHITE HOUSE SPIN ALL YEAR, REPEATED five times daily like a call to prayer, is that the President is going about the people's business, not obsessing about his legal defense. But he doesn't need to pull every lever and push every button in order to control the campaign machine. After two elections and a full year of fire by trial, says a top aide, "we know what he wants, when he wants it, and how he wants it."

The sharpest change in the President's defense last week was that after months of arguing the merits, the White House lawyers finally argued the facts—and that decision was pure Clinton. In the House proceedings, his team buried the evidence deep in their legal briefs, arguing in their rare public comments that the offenses, even if true, did not warrant impeachment. But once the prospect of a trial became



## READY FOR PRIME TIME

The President banters with Senators before his speech as if nothing in the world has happened in the past year

real—and the President's lawyers got the time to make a variety of arguments—the direction of the defense came from Clinton himself. Lawyers Charles Ruff and David Kendall kept in touch with the President by telephone; meetings were avoided. Even upon their return from the Hill last week, Clinton simply called to thank them for their work. He was confident that his team knew how to make the most of the overall strategy. Plus, says a White House adviser of the case against the President, "he really doesn't believe he did it."

While Clinton stays focused on business during the day, he grows more expansive as the hours pass. Mornings are consumed by press events and policy briefings, the annual winter wonkathon that produces both the State of the Union speech and the budget; he can use the afternoon to think and read. White House aides are very careful to insist that he does not watch the trial as it's happening, but as one aide put it, "it's not that he's oblivious either." And at the end of the

working day, the walls come down completely. Clinton carries upstairs to the residence the fat folder of policy questions and decision memos that accumulate in his In Box every day, but the rest of his life is up there waiting for him. He channel surfs among news, sports and nonstop talk shows, thinks through the twisted case again and again, calls friends and supporters to gauge reaction to the day's events and, most important, checks in with his friends in the Senate.

His call list varies night to night, but among the regulars are Tom Harkin of Iowa, Chris Dodd of Connecticut, John Breaux of Louisiana and Tom Daschle of South Dakota, the minority leader. Every morning the cycle starts again, with his focus back tightly on his job, the fat folder in chief of staff John Podesta's hands,

with Clinton's scribbling on every page.

The endless campaign has taken its toll, especially when it looked as if he was losing. A longtime ally recalls, only a week or so ago, a midafternoon phone call from the President. "There was a very down, discouraged sense and sound to his voice," the source says. Again and again, Clinton thought he might be home free, particularly in the joyous wake of the fall elections. But he underestimated Republican fortitude—How could they keep ignoring the polls he lives by?—and was stunned that he still hadn't managed to shut it all down. At recent public appearances, his eyes have teared up at inopportune moments—a lapse that's startlingly different from the calculated mawkishness he's known for. He has stood onstage staring into space while awaiting an introduction and has rushed from his public events at first opportunity.

But the long year's work finally paid off, especially on Capitol Hill. Democrats knew the attack on Clinton threatened

them too, and that survival depended on getting past both their disdain for him and their history of mutual backstabbing. The armistice talks began after the 1996 election as an effort to heal the wounds of the divisive campaign, but it was the scandal that forced Clinton into his fellow Democrats' arms. Without them he could not survive.

So Clinton has worked the leadership hard, prescreening his proposals with Richard Gephardt and Daschle, burying porcupines like "fast-track" trade authority to maintain the peace. "A lot of this has been about keeping Gephardt happy," says a leadership source, "because they hope Gephardt will keep labor and other liberal groups happy." Every Friday senior members of the leadership staffs meet in Gephardt's conference room with White House advisers to talk about policy and message. Impeachment lurks but never sits down. "You talk about it before and you talk about it later, but the point of the meeting is to come up with an alternative message, something to put out there *other* than impeachment," says a participant.

Says a Democratic strategist: "Defending himself against impeachment is just another part of the President's public relations operation. It's all clearly integrated."

**T**HE PROBLEM IS THAT WHILE THE scandal may have helped Clinton generate policy ideas, it has drained his ability to get them passed. Former chief of staff Erskine Bowles has privately said that last year the White House was ready to make a swap with Republicans: Clinton would support their plan for vouchers in the D.C. school system if they would go for managed-care reform. But at the last minute he realized he couldn't, because doing so would enrage the Democrats, whose votes he needed for impeachment. And one suspects that Clinton will judge last week's State of the Union speech not by how much actually becomes law but simply by whether it gets him two more years in office.

The speech didn't linger much longer than it took to give it. But its vapors still wafted through the week as the Clintons

and the Gores hit the road again to sweet, screaming, Election Day-size crowds. By the day after the speech, the Senate floor might as well have been on the ocean floor. The minister delivering the invocation at the rally in Buffalo on Wednesday extolled Clinton as "the greatest President for our people of all time." Hours later in Pennsylvania, Clinton was so jazzed by the rope line that he went back to the beginning and worked it again—four times. "We've had a good day," he told an aide late that night. "We've had several good days."

The broader Democratic Party machinery lost no time climbing aboard. People for the American Way sponsored anti-impeachment rallies in 23 cities and announced a \$25,000 radio campaign in five states and in Washington to try to persuade moderate Republican Senators to join with the Democrats to shut the trial down. The Democratic National Committee organized 200 "State of the Union Watch" parties at people's homes to rally activist support. The scandal has been very good to the party: small-dollar direct-mail response in 1998 was up 53% over 1994,

## SOCIAL SECURITY: STICKING HIS NECK OUT

**S**OCIAL SECURITY REFORM HAS BEEN A PROTRACTED GAME OF chicken, but finally it was President Clinton who had to make the first move. For years, neither he nor congressional Republicans have wanted to be the first to offer a major reform package, since whoever did so would surely get hammered by the other side. But Clinton needed a bold idea: his State of the Union address to help divert attention from that little matter in the Senate.

The Clinton plan would consecrate most of the budget surplus over the next 15 years to Social Security, delaying its collapse from 2032 to 2055. For the first time the plan would also allow 15% of the fund to be invested in the stock market, so that some of our

Social Security dollars could earn as much as those in our mutual funds. (Now invested in Treasury bonds, the money earns from 4% to 5% a year—only a bit better than shoving it under a mattress.)

Clinton got the public applause he wanted: in a TIME/CNN poll last week, 61% of those surveyed said they agree with dedicating all or most of next year's surplus money to Social Security, vs. 31% who think it should be used to lower taxes. But Clinton's plan also absorbed the expected blows. Though the minority leaders in both houses endorsed the plan, other Democrats think even microscopic tinkering with the party's hallowed invention—let alone Clinton's fairly substantial changes—would be unacceptable.



*By the end of his State of the Union speech, Bill Clinton had suggested a total of—yikes!—99 policy goals. As a last-ditch, feel-good bid for a legacy, Clinton's 99 for '99 had something for every American, especially the older ones. Saving Social Security, helping pay for long-term care, fixing or shutting under-*

*performing schools, saving the family farm, raising the pay of American soldiers—welcome to the Era of Medium-Size Government! Here's a look at some of the key items on Bill's wish list:*

UNIVERSAL SAVINGS ACCOUNTS	SAVE MEDICARE	END "SOCIAL PROMOTION"
<b>WHAT IT WOULD DO</b> A federal retirement plan similar to 401(k)s, with the government kicking in seed money and matching funds for families of modest means. Clintonism at its most mushy and wondrous	<b>Clinton wants to spend 11% of the budget surplus on Medicare, set for bankruptcy in 2008</b>	<b>Thanks, Mr. Bush. The push to actually flunk students who fail was Texas Governor George W. Bush's big theme last fall. Now Gore can run on it in 2000</b>
<b>WHY HE SUGGESTED IT</b> A flanking maneuver to co-opt Republican plans to privatize Social Security	<b>A bone for congressional Dems—at a time when Clinton needs friends</b>	<b>A home run. Only school kids are against it, and they don't vote</b>
<b>WHETHER IT COULD PASS</b> The G.O.P. has already tagged this a "new entitlement." Think snowball in hell	<b>The G.O.P. wants tax cuts instead. Look for Clinton to call Republicans heartless</b>	<b>Clinton would triple the budget for afterschool and summer programs to \$600 million. Republicans will balk</b>

the last midterm year, and opinion polls have seldom shown a greater differential between the two parties in favor of the Democrats.

Those numbers were not lost on the Senators stabled to their seats as Clinton's lawyers launched their defense. The lawyers' presentation was more factual, more respectful and more effective than anything they managed in the House. The idea was to alternate sober, numbing presentations of exculpatory evidence with passionate appeals to common sense and American ideals. Ruff opened the defense with a grave dissection of the House managers' conspiracy theory. He argued that the chronology broke down—Vernon Jordan was already on a plane to Europe when Judge Susan Webber Wright ruled that the Paula Jones team could question other women—so the ruling could not have triggered his meeting earlier



## WAVERING IN REPUBLICAN RANKS

**G.O.P. caucus meetings, like this one over lunch, attempt to keep the troops together, but the danger of defection grows stronger as the week wears on**

that day to help Monica find a job. And Ruff offered the first of the week's rhetorical body blows. The former Watergate prosecutor, hunched in his wheelchair, took his case to the same battleground on which Henry Hyde had planted his flag the week before.

The House Judiciary chairman had summoned the ghosts of Normandy as witnesses to the sanctity of the "rule of law."

Ruff's voice trembled as he turned that appeal back on its author. "I have no personal experience with war," he said quietly. "I have only visited Normandy as a tourist. But I do know this: my father was on Omaha Beach 55 years ago, and I know how he would feel if he were here today. He didn't fight, no one fought for one side of this case or the other. He fought, as all those did, for our country and our Constitution. As long as each of us—a manager, the President's counsel, a Senator—does his or her constitutional duty, those who fought for their country will be proud."

It fell to Gregory Craig on Wednesday to highlight the prosecution's overreaching. A perjury conviction, he argued, couldn't come down to whether Clinton lied when he said he and Monica had telephone conversations that included sexual

Many Republicans—who want to use much of the surplus for tax cuts and favor "privatizing" Social Security by letting people control their own investment accounts—also savaged Clinton's proposal. House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Bill Archer's subtle response: "A thousand times no."

The most battered part of the plan was the stock-market idea. Corporations hated it. Members of Congress in both parties hated it. And, most important, Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan—the patron saint of our prosperity—hated it. "I do not believe that it is politically feasible to insulate such huge funds from government direction," he said. That's Greenspan for a simple concern: by investing some \$700 billion in Social Security funds, the government-cum-shareholder would inject politics into the free market and unduly influence corporate decision-making. Would the government, for example, bring an anti-

trust or discrimination suit against a company it (partially) owns?

It's a little precious for Republicans to cite these worries, since the notion of investing Social Security funds in the market has been kicked around the G.O.P. for years. And Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin had a nice retort to Greenspan: an independent body would oversee the investments, he said, so "there will be no zero—government involvement ... I might add that the Federal Reserve Board itself is a very good example."

Even if the final legislation looks nothing like what Clinton proposed, the President's plan will at least mark the end of the politics of avoidance on this issue. Archer, who has announced his retirement, would love to cap his years in Congress with a major deal. Historians may also smile on the plan. After all, a game of chicken ends only when the more responsible player swerves to avoid disaster. *By John Cloud. Reported by Adam Zagorin/Washington*

HOLD SCHOOLS ACCOUNTABLE	STRENGTHEN NUCLEAR SECURITY	SAFEGUARD THE ENVIRONMENT	END DISCRIMINATION
Clinton knows education is a winner—as long as he placates the teachers' unions. Example: "New teachers should be required to pass performance exams"—but not veteran ones	In the most important proposal that got the least attention, Clinton called for spending \$4.2 billion (a 70% increase) to buy nukes from former Soviet republics	Clinton wants a "clean-air fund" and tax breaks for companies that reduce greenhouse emissions and burn clean energy. He also wants to spend \$2 billion easing traffic and preserving wilderness	Clinton cannily used the saintly Rosa Parks to ask for passage of the Employment Nondiscrimination Act and the Hate Crimes Prevention Act, but he didn't say what they were: laws to advance gay equality
Polls say education is a top concern among voters	So Russia won't be tempted to sell the nukes to people who might fire them at us	Red meat for suburbanites. And more grist for Gore in 2000	Clinton could win points with gays without having to say "gay"
Republicans are loath to create new federal mandates in local arenas. Expect a battle	Let's hope so	If Gore's opponents have their way, this won't be a big congressional priority	After last year's killing of Matthew Shepard, the hate-crimes bill actually has a chance



PHOTO BY RICK BOURG FOR TIME

Harkin knew only the Captain could make the call. The problem was flagging Clinton on a holiday weekend. Harkin tracked down Terry McAuliffe, the President's moneyman and confidant, at his health club to run interference. Ten minutes later, McAuliffe got back to Harkin: "The President said it was a great idea, and he'll get right on it." Clinton put in the call from an AmeriCorps event on Monday.

"Dale, I need you on this," pleaded the President. Bumpers was the guy who could make all his arguments for him, channel him, exorcise him for his private shame, and then defend him for the public good. He could both embody and invoke the World War II generation in all its commonplace heroism and then gaze on its prodigal son, the generation it created that has messed things up and has to be forgiven anyway. His oration was the only part of the trial that the White House admitted Clinton watched in real time.

It took an old guy to force the audience to face the future, to remember the Speaker of the House who had voted to impeach Andrew Johnson—James G. Blaine—and later regretted how close he had brought the nation to chaos. The more Bumpers talked, from his self-mocking warm-up jokes to his seductive reminders that being a Senator is the greatest honor in the world, the more you could hear Clinton speaking through him, finally making the arguments he had not been able to make for himself.

This wasn't perjury and obstruction, Bumpers said; this was about concealing something Clinton was ashamed of. Nobody's perfect. Bumpers attacked the lack of proportion between crime and punishment, mocked the very notion that the President's conduct had cost him prestige around the world, rooted around the Constitution to remind them that impeachable crimes are supposed to be distinctly "political offenses against the state." The overreaching was, he scolded the House managers, the product of "wanting to win too badly."

Clinton was worried that the Senators would dismiss anything Bumpers said as the gesture of an old Arkansas crony. Bumpers took care of that by impaling him: Clinton's conduct was "indefensible, outrageous, unforgivable, shameless." He went where none of the lawyers could: into Hillary's heart, and Chelsea's, when he described a "decimated" family. And he went straight to the Senators' pride, as the body that extols reason over passion. This is the most important vote you'll ever cast, he said. "If you have difficulty because of an intense dislike of the President, and that's understandable, rise

## THE BYRD IN THE HAND

**The West Virginian's call for a quick end to the trial was a "bombshell"**

banter "on occasion" when it was at least 17 times. He argued that the managers were coloring outside the lines when they tried to roll everything Clinton said in his January deposition into the perjury charge—even though the House specifically rejected the impeachment article charging Clinton with perjury in that deposition.

If Ruff was compelling and Craig meticulous, Cheryl Mills was a left hook. In Buffalo on Wednesday, Clinton asked top aide Doug Sosnik whether Mills had begun her presentation on the Senate floor. "Any minute," Sosnik replied. The President smiled as if he had a secret. "She's going to do great, and I think she's going to take a lot of people by surprise."

Her very presence there brought some electricity into the gaslit setting. All lemony charm and discipline, at times condescending, at times lethal in her sarcasm and breathtaking in her daring, she argued that the Senators need not fear that acquitting Clinton will harm women or civil rights; she would vouch for him. After Mills was through, Strom Thurmond, the old segregationist, came over to congratulate her. Mills' White House office quickly filled up with so many flowers from well-wishers that aides joked it looked like a wedding chapel.

Like all good defense lawyers, Clinton's team sought to sow enough confusion into the House managers' case to grow a little reasonable doubt in the Senators' heads. But they could not completely smooth over some troubling parts of the case. It was hard to cast Clinton's conversations with Betty Currie as innocent refreshment of

his memory rather than insidious coaching of a potential witness. As Senator Arlen Specter and others asked on Friday, how exactly would it help his memory to ask Currie questions that were all false—"I never touched her, right? We were never alone, right?"

And the conflict over what body parts he touched was not a trivial distinction: in that difference lay whether Clinton lied in his Paula Jones deposition, since under that tortured definition of sex, it did indeed matter which parts he had touched, and the President was very careful to keep his eye on the line. If the legal defense was strong enough to corral any restless Democrats, it was not enough to guarantee the six Republican votes the White House needs to adjourn the whole thing.

That job fell to Dale Bumpers, the four-term, just-retired Arkansas Senator who would come to the chamber to play the coda. The idea for his appearance, in fact, sprang from the Senate floor. Iowa Democrat Tom Harkin was troubled by how the Republican managers were like next-door neighbors who knew how to talk across the fence—even to Democrats. At the defense table, however, sat a bunch of strangers.

So Harkin spent last Sunday reaching out to old members of the club to recruit someone for the President's team. Bumpers seemed to be the perfect fit: he knows the Senators' moves and speaks their language; could give them the cover they needed to end the trial. Trouble was, Bumpers was not familiar with the minutiae of the charges. "He was very reluctant," says Harkin.

above it. He is not the issue. He will be gone. You won't."

Unless, of course, they fail to heed his advice. Earlier in the day, lawyer David Kendall had warned that extending the trial and calling witnesses would promise many more months of discovery and depositions. Bumpers held out both carrot and stick. If the Senators vote to acquit, he said, "you go immediately to the people's agenda. If you vote to convict... you're going to be creating far more havoc than he could ever possibly create. After all, he's only got two years left."

The combined defense arguments were compelling enough to trigger some quick shifting of strategy on both sides of the aisle. The clever Democratic ploy of enlisting West Virginia's Robert Byrd to offer a motion to dismiss "was a bombshell," as a Republican Senator put it. Any list of possible Democratic defectors always had Byrd's name at the top. "If Byrd is now offering a vote to dismiss, conviction really is dead."

Which leaves at least some of the 55 G.O.P. Senators wondering what they gain by pressing on much longer. But having lost the popular center long ago, they can at least keep their conservative base happy by insisting on a full trial. And so at week's end they linked arms with both the House managers and Ken Starr in the effort to debrif Monica Lewinsky even before the question of calling witnesses was resolved. Bipartisanship was shredding as the two sides bickered over all the procedural issues they had sidestepped when the trial began.

By then the Democrats were worrying about such luxuries as appearing graceful in the victory they now expect. The White House was careful not to start the victory dance; advisers were put on "gloat patrol" to avoid annoying wavering Republicans. Clinton, having again asserted his mastery of his craft, cannot be seen celebrating dismissal or acquittal in a trial that has left so much blood on the floor. "It is not our purpose to embarrass the Republican leadership," said New Jersey's Robert Torricelli. The only way out is a careful one. "This is a dance that everyone must do together," Torricelli observed, "and no one wants to step on anybody's toes."

—Reported by

**Jay Branegan, James Carney, John F. Dickerson, Michael Duffy, Viveca Novak, Karen Tumulty and Michael Weisskopf/Washington**

## ■ DIVIDING LINE ■

**Jack E. White**

# Right Back at You

Cheryl Mills holds a mirror up to the G.O.P.

**C**HERYL MILLS IS DEFINITELY ONE TOUGH SISTER. THOUGH SHE HAD LITTLE courtroom experience, last week she stood in the well of the Senate, showing tremendous poise as she defended the President and took the House impeachment managers by storm. A little-known White House deputy counsel, Mills hurled their hypocrisy back in their faces. The managers, she intoned, had argued that "the entire house of civil rights might well fall" if Clinton escaped conviction. You could almost hear her muttering, "Spare me." "We've had imperfect leaders in the past," said Mills, referring to Thomas Jefferson, Frederick Douglass, Abraham Lincoln, John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr., "and we'll have imperfect leaders in the future, but their imperfections did not roll back nor did they stop the march for civil rights," she said. "I'm not worried about civil rights because this President's record on civil rights, on women's rights, on all of our rights is unimpeachable."

Her rhetoric wasn't fancy, but it was on target. The G.O.P. is a party, after all, that owes its post-Barry Goldwater resurgence to opposition to civil rights. And while its leaders from time to time proclaim their belief in racial justice, their pledges have been mostly lip service. They're too genteel for a sheet-wearing bigot like David Duke but all too willing to embrace bigotry if it's dressed in a suit and tie.

Mills, 33, is just the sort of hard-nosed advocate to drag such hypocrisy to the surface. She has rubbed some colleagues the wrong way—and endeared herself to the First Couple—with her scorched-earth response to legal challenges during her six years at the White House. When a congressional committee was probing the Clinton Administration's use of a White House database, in 1997, Mills was accused of failing to turn subpoenaed documents over to the committee. Indiana Republican David McIntosh asked the Justice Department to investigate her for possible perjury and obstruction of justice. (Justice says the referral from the Hill is still being evaluated.) Last week, White House sources say, Mills toned down the civil rights aspects of her speech at the urging of more politically minded members of the President's defense team. But she still managed to tap the fury many blacks feel as they watch the spectacle of these proceedings.

It is a spectacle filled with galling reminders of the G.O.P.'s alliances with anti-black forces. The presiding officer is Chief Justice William Rehnquist, a Republican appointee who had a well-documented early life as a segregationist before his rise to the high court. In the 1960s he was the leader of Operation Eagle Eye, described by the *Arizona Republic* as "a flying squad of G.O.P. lawyers that swept through south Phoenix to question the right of minority voters to cast their ballots." The man who swore Rehnquist in as presiding officer of the trial, South Carolina Republican Strom Thurmond, ran for President in 1948 on the segregationist Dixiecrat ticket. These days Thurmond would prefer that you forget that youthful indiscretion, since he was only 45 at the time.

Not all the bad news is old news. In December newspapers reported that Georgia Congressman Bob Barr, Clinton's attacker-in-chief, had delivered a keynote speech to a white-supremacist group called the Council of Conservative Citizens. Not long after that, it came out that Senate majority leader Trent Lott had also been cozy with the C.C.C. When confronted, both Barr and Lott denied that they were aware of the group's racist agenda, though the organization's officers have never made any secret of their views—and Lott's uncle Arnie Watson is a member of its executive board. You don't have to be a Clinton fan to wonder why lying about a sexual affair makes you unfit for office while lying about being intimate with bigots does not. After Cheryl Mills' powerful presentation, it's a question that deserves to be answered.



**The White House's Mills became an overnight icon**

■ PUBLIC EYE ■

Margaret Carlson

## All Quiet on the Insider Front

Suddenly the Senators to see were no longer a reporter's best friends

**I**F YOU WERE TO TAKE A POLL IN THE PRESS FOR "BEST SOURCE," the award would go to John McCain. He calls back from plane, train or automobile, between speeches, on vacation. Candid before it was cool, he will tell you over lunch all the things he's done wrong before the first course and try to pick up the check. On deadline, a reporter has no better friend.

So of all the people in all the world to take a vow of silence for the duration of the Senate trial, why did it have to be McCain? True, this is serious business, which needs to pass the test of history, not just make the next day's *Hotline*, but why couldn't, say, Senators Mitch McConnell and Barbara Boxer be the ones to stuff a sock in their mouth? McCain's absence has created such a big hole on shows like *Imus in the Morning* that producers have reached down to third-tier chatters like me. The Sunday shows used to be exclusively for people of McCain's ilk. Last Sunday, Tim Russert played host to four senators: *Meet the Press* virgin Larry Craig, Patty Murray, Gordon Smith and Carl Levin. In other words, the farm team.

Not that silence isn't excellent statesmanship. The press scrum by the Ohio clock just outside the Senate chamber is not a sight you want the children to see on their class trip. The lights go on, and Senators come out to put their spin on the day as if emerging from a war room. Senator John Chafee usually manages to drone on long enough to hip-check a horde of Democrats lurking behind him hoping to pounce before CNN ceases its live coverage for the day.

I got McCain to meet with me on the basis that I wanted to talk to him about why he wouldn't talk to me. The maverick McCain, if he could be lulled back into Dial-a-Quote mode, could explain the odd coalition of impeachment hawks, who want to keep the trial going in hopes they can finally land their prey, and process groupies, who want to keep the trial going largely to pass constitutional muster. He could explain that peculiar on-again, off-again relationship between Trent Lott and Orrin Hatch. He could explain Trent Lott.

When I met him, McCain had been softened up by lunch with constituents in the Senate dining room. But he steered every question back to Bosnia. The closest we got was the burden of sitting in judgment. Here's a man running for President; every minute of airtime is worth a hundred town-hall meetings. But what was he saying? "Credibility is more important than exposure." He mentioned he'd had "about a thousand requests," including Sam and Cokie waving mad-

ly in Statuary Hall after the State of the Union, asking him to come on their show. They didn't stop until he said he would discuss only Kosovo. He's making his new campaign manager, Rick Davis, oddly happy. "Discipline is the hallmark of a great presidential candidate," says Davis. As if he expected McCain to fall off the wagon!

There are other impeachment monks. Arlen Specter, who for a time seemed willing to come to your kitchen for a chat, hasn't seen the inside of a studio since *Larry King Live* on Jan. 7. He thinks more people would say no to going on if there weren't such a connection between "TV exposure and campaign contributions." At one time, there was sentiment

among many Republicans that once they became jurors, they shouldn't discuss the case on TV, a kind of mutual non-aggression pact. But Specter told me, "You couldn't get such a pact with Hitler, and you can't get it from U.S. Senators."

Television makes or breaks political careers, and taking yourself out of the game is hardest on those who just got into it.

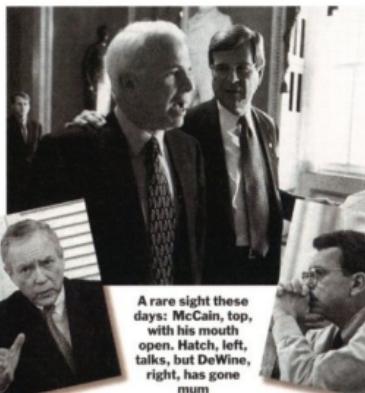
The low-key, hardworking

Senator Mike DeWine could become the trial's historic figure just because he cut his 15 minutes of fame to 10. He was a net-work piker until Christmastime, when he found himself suddenly in demand as one of the first Senators to come out against the incipient censure movement. He broke into

the major leagues—*Crossfire*, *Late Edition*, *Meet the Press*. Last Thursday the show shows, *Nightline*, called for the first time. But he told them he'd stopped talking about the trial since becoming a juror. So instead of chatting backstage with Ted Koppel, DeWine spent the evening drinking Mountain Dew in Senator Orrin Hatch's office, coordinating G.O.P. questions for the next day's session.

McCain left to enter the chamber as the chaplain was praying that the body will be able to "decide decisively." The grim mood seemed to lift the evening before when the warm and decent former Senator Dale Bumpers spoke. His old chestnuts weren't as funny as the laughter that rolled through the chamber would indicate. It's just that people were ready to be human again. The air into which Senator Robert Byrd left his proposal was temporally softer.

However it ends, Specter says he has no regrets about his TV downtime. "Future historians will go to CNN tapes, and they will show that some of us did the right thing." CNN? Tapes? History? Perhaps we pundits should have taken a vow of silence. ■



A rare sight these days: McCain, top, with his mouth open. Hatch, left, talks, but DeWine, right, has gone mum

# Can Bradley Catch Up?

He lags far behind the fast-starting Gore but hopes that his underdog strategy will even the race

By TAMALA M. EDWARDS

**T**HIS WEEK BILL BRADLEY MAKES HIS first trip to New Hampshire as an announced candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. "But I'm not going to do a big event," says the former Senator. No barnstorming rallies or blowout fund raisers for him. Nothing that would feel like a ... campaign. Instead, Bradley's schedule is dotted by quiet coffees with supporters and the occasional radio call-in show. A great deal of his time will be spent with students. And of course the former Knick will get in some basketball, again, with children.

While this is all charming and laid back, it may also be insane. New Hampshire's first-in-the-nation primary is crucial, and for months Al Gore has waged all-out war to win it—larding out federal largesse and making enough calls to the party faithful to put a telemarketer to shame. But while the Vice President lines up votes and money, Bradley remains a cipher, a candidate with no organization, even in battleground states like New Hampshire and Iowa. Democrats say they have little sense of him or his message. A new TIME/CNN

poll shows Gore leading Bradley 44% to 12% among Democrats, with 54% of overall respondents saying they don't know who Bradley is (Dick Gephardt has better name recognition). Political operatives wonder how Bradley expects to raise the \$20 million he needs to take on Gore. They wonder if he's running for President—or Vice President. The idea makes him giggle. "I've always preferred to be the underdog," he says, arguing that it's early yet. By spring, he's sure, he'll have money and foot soldiers.

What's surprising isn't that Bradley needs a groundswell but that he's not waterboarding his grassroots. "Do you go to the prom with the guy who asks you three times or the one who never calls?" asks Jeff Woodburn, Democratic chairman in New Hampshire, a state where 75% of party officials are expected to commit to the hyperactive Gore. Bradley says his long silence was not so much about snubs as about soul-searching. And his staff believes his ruminations will help him find ways to inspire voters—people who don't belong to the party machine, regular people who can see past the thumping economy, who aren't feeling rosy. It's an unusual, even heretical tactic.

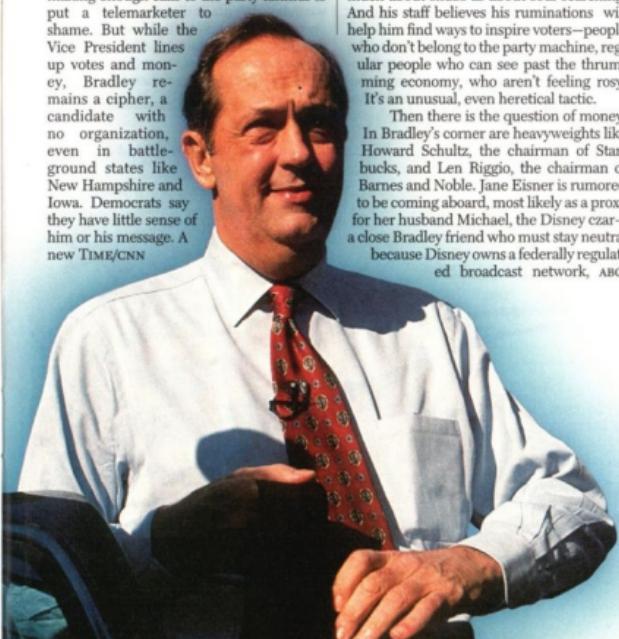
Then there is the question of money. In Bradley's corner are heavyweights like Howard Schultz, the chairman of Starbucks, and Len Riggio, the chairman of Barnes and Noble. Jane Eisner is rumored to be coming aboard, most likely as a proxy for her husband Michael, the Disney czar—a close Bradley friend who must stay neutral because Disney owns a federally regulated broadcast network, ABC.

But support for Bradley is still unformed enough that host names won't be printed on the invitations to his March fund raiser in New York City. And with Gore clinching most traditional donors, Bradley has been forced to depend on the untried millions who have never given. It's another valiant but perhaps vain strategy, and it may explain why Bradley says he can mount a credible campaign for as little as \$15 million.

Such a figure would be fine, he argues, "if I have resonance"—if his message connects. But what sweet song will make that happen? Bradley says voters thirst for something noble, that they need to know both how good we Americans are and that we could be better. His job, he says, would be to push us toward a resilience, a sense of hope that can do more good than any government program. In an era when Clinton and Gore have perfected the art of political niche marketing, such nebulous appeals are a sign of stubborn independence, at the very least. Bradley's refusal to peddle bite-size ideas may be the only major point of contrast he has with Gore. On the issues, both are centrist moderates. This leads longtime friends to wonder if Bradley is running because he hungers for it or because he feels this is his chance to live up to expectations. He claims the fires are stoked. "When Lincoln says he's going to run, he says, 'The taste is in my mouth,'" quotes Bradley. "That's how I feel."

With so much work to be done, Bradley seems preternaturally calm. It may be instructive to know that in college sports he was famous for something called his "hope pass." With his back to the court or in free fall and his teammates moving fast, Bradley would send the ball flying, his instincts telling him that when the ball came down, there'd be a man there to catch it. More often than not, he was right. And so Bradley's calm—and perhaps Gore's fear—rests on the underdog's belief that the American people will be waiting in the spot to which he throws his last long shot. ■

NICHOLAS FEDARO—BABA FOR TIME



## CANDIDATE SCORECARD

### Strengths

- Good positioning: statesman, star—the thinking man's politician
- No connection to Clinton, which should play well with voters weary of the antics in Washington
- Though no orator, he's a stronger campaigner than he gets credit for being. He could quickly become a force in battleground states

### Weaknesses

- In most of the U.S., the former Knicks star may be better known for basketball than for politics
- Bradley says he'll raise \$15 million to \$20 million—perhaps too little to compete with Gore's money might
- Since Gore controls the state party machinery, Bradley will have to work harder for votes

## WORLD

# CHINA'S ARMS RACE

The world's most populous country wants the world's best military. Here's a look at its plan

By DOUGLAS WALLER WASHINGTON

**I**N JANUARY 1991, AS AMERICAN BOMBS rained onto Iraq, CNN's live attack coverage found a particularly appreciative audience five time zones away, in Beijing. To the Chinese, the Gulf War was a revelation—an introduction to 21st-century tactics and weaponry that pointed out, in the most graphic way possible, the limits of China's massive but antiquated military. Smart bombs, flexible command and control, and seamless, high-tech attacks dazzled the Chinese leadership, who ramped up a campaign to upgrade the People's Liberation Army (P.L.A.) to world-class status. The new buzz words in China's Ministry of Defense became "limited war under high-tech conditions"—and China is now buying and spying its way toward high-tech, superpower status as fast as it can.

One result has been more fretting in Washington about how China is retooling its vast military. Particularly worrisome:

widespread Chinese spying on the U.S. A top-secret congressional report delivered to the White House last month suggests a stunning espionage effort being coordinated from Beijing, whose spy rings have been stealing secrets in the U.S. for 20 years. The congressional committee set out six months ago to probe allegations that two U.S. aerospace companies, Hughes Electronics Corp. and Loral Space & Communications, provided China with critical rocket-design information that helped improve its ballistic missiles. The committee concluded that they had. But as the panel dug deeper, "we were quickly led to far more serious problems," says its Republican chairman, Representative Christopher Cox.

U.S. investigators say Beijing has taken a vacuum-cleaner approach to stealing secrets, sucking up any kind of intelligence it can find. The official spy organization is the Ministry of State Security. But it is supplemented by dozens of other government departments, each of which runs some kind of

intelligence operation. Beijing also works through Hong Kong front companies or co-production agreements with U.S. firms to glean military-related secrets.

Investigators say the Chinese still place a premium on human intelligence. Private citizens visiting the U.S. are often coerced into collecting information for the state. Others become sleeper agents, burrowing into international firms operating in the U.S., to be called on when a job needs to be done. "The Chinese will use anybody who's available or has access," says a CIA source. "It's across the board."

In the past few decades, as U.S.-China relations have thawed, Beijing has had plenty of access to exploit. Chinese scientists visiting U.S. nuclear-weapons labs in the 1980s, for instance, pilfered design information for the neutron bomb and the Trident-II nuclear warhead. Commercial attachés prowling trade shows have been spotted pocketing demonstration videos of weapons systems or dipping their ties into chemical solutions on display so that secret formulas can be analyzed. Chinese agents have even gone to U.S. military-surplus sales to buy scrapped aviation hardware.

## 军械 BEIJING'S BUYING SPREE

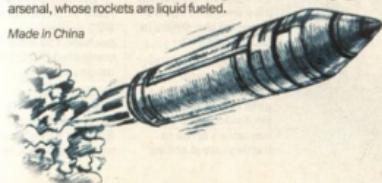
China is in the middle of a military buildup, manufacturing its own weapons and spending more money for better hardware. Beijing ultimately wants to carry Asia's biggest stick, but it has a long way to go before it catches up with the U.S., which dominates the Pacific by sea and air

### ■ A New Global Reach

China's ballistic-missile program is decades behind the U.S.'s, but it is building 20 new Dongfeng-31s, a mobile ICBM topped with one-megaton warheads that can reach the U.S.

**THE NEED** These mobile ICBMs will upgrade the nation's aging arsenal, whose rockets are liquid fueled.

Made in China



### ■ Russia's Supersonic Wonder

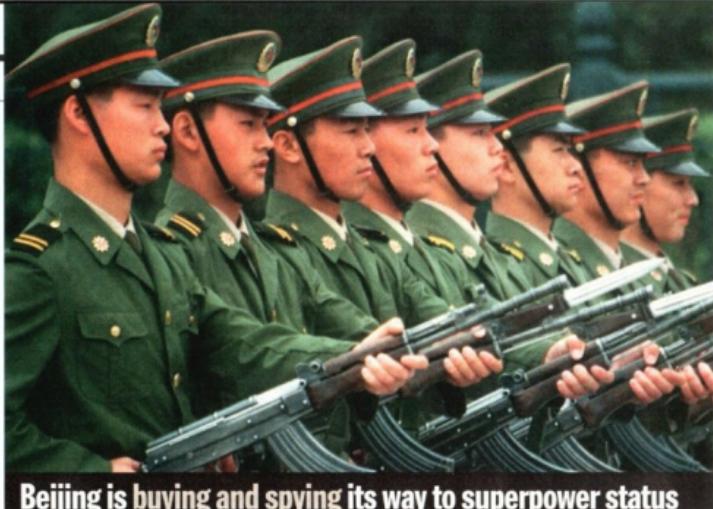
China has bought 50 Su-27 ground-attack fighters from Moscow and will assemble 150 itself. The all-weather jet also fires air-to-air missiles with deadly precision.

**THE NEED** These Sukhois will help China control the skies over the Taiwan Strait in the event of a war.

Made in Russia and China

A long-range air superiority fighter, comparable to U.S. F-15





PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD

## Beijing is buying and spying its way to superpower status

Hughes and Loral, which have been launching satellites aboard China's Long March rocket, deny that they aided Beijing's missile program when they provided information to correct faults that had caused two launch explosions. And Beijing has called the charges "absurd and irresponsible." Inside the White House, which has been pressing for closer relations with China, aides insist that Cox's report hypes the Chinese intelligence threat. China's

"great leap forward" into espionage, they say, has yielded uneven results.

Perhaps as a consequence, while China has been privately spying, it has also been snapping up more modern military gear in open, legitimate markets. The new P.L.A. is populated with arms from France, Brazil, Israel and Russia. All of them consider China a big customer.

Partly to help fund this modernization, the P.L.A. budget is growing; last year it rose almost 13%, to \$10.9 billion. The na-

tion's top generals are leading all the armed forces through an aggressive reorganization. The P.L.A. is streamlining its force by 500,000 to bring it down to 2.5 million men and replacing war-fighting equipment, much of which is 1950s vintage. In their place: more modern weapons systems. China has so far bought from Russia three Kilo-636 attack submarines, two Sovremenny-class destroyers equipped with SS-N-22 antiship missiles, and 50 Su-27 attack jets. China is also building up to 20 new Dongfeng-31 intercontinental ballistic missiles, whose 5,000-mile range could put nuclear warheads on U.S. soil. It's also interested in cyberwar, to cripple U.S. computers, and antisatellite weapons, to knock out communications and spy satellites.

All this technology requires a lot of hard currency and a new war-fighting doctrine. While Chinese leaders can't buy or steal the latter, they don't need to. Joint exchange programs with American and Russian officers have given them a glimpse of alternative strategic thinking. Though the

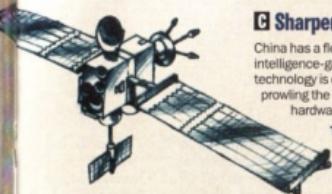
ILLUSTRATION BY ED GARNET

### Sharper Eyes in the Sky

China has a fleet of communications and intelligence-gathering satellites, but their technology is crude. Beijing's spies are prowling the West for more sophisticated hardware.

**THE NEED** China will use better satellites to spy on its enemies and control its forces on the ground.

Made in China



### Red Thunder

Most of China's military-hardware purchases come from Russia. But it is trying to branch out to other suppliers. France is allowing Beijing to produce the Z-9A jet helicopter under a special license.

**THE NEED** The choppers can transport commandos and drop antisubmarine weapons.

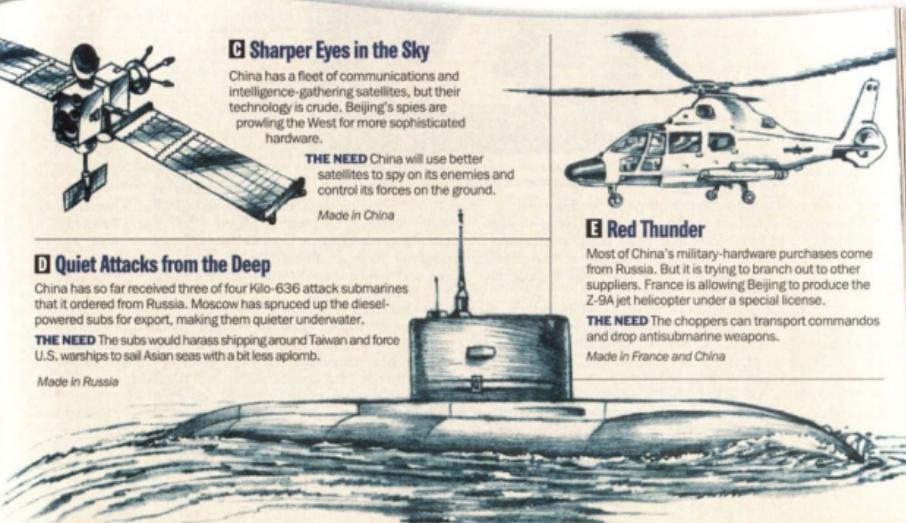
Made in France and China

### Quiet Attacks from the Deep

China has so far received three of four Kilo-636 attack submarines that it ordered from Russia. Moscow has spruced up the diesel-powered subs for export, making them quieter underwater.

**THE NEED** The subs would harass shipping around Taiwan and force U.S. warships to sail Asian seas with a bit less aplomb.

Made in Russia



Chinese still practice massive "active defense" maneuvers—leftover tactics from the old days of a Soviet threat—Beijing's generals are putting more emphasis on night training, infrared-vision equipment and so-called combined arms training in which air, navy and ground forces are intended to interlock seamlessly in an attack. The scenario that illuminates many of these ops: an attack on Taiwan. But new war-fighting techniques haven't filtered down to the P.L.A.'s rank and file, which hasn't demonstrated it can use "the nifty new pieces of hardware Beijing has bought in a way that poses a credible threat," says Brookings Institution expert Bates Gill.

Indeed, China's military will require decades to reach true superpower status.

### China Power By the Numbers

**ARMY** 1.9 million men, 14,000 tanks, 14,500 artillery pieces and 453 helicopters  
**AIR FORCE** 470,000 airmen, 2,556 jet fighters and 400 ground-attack jets  
**NAVY** 250,000 sailors, 63 submarines, 18 destroyers and 35 frigates

Some U.S. analysts suggest the P.L.A. may be 30 years behind the U.S.—a nearly insuperable gap. China's plans to launch cyberwar or anti-satellite weapons may sound scary, but they are a long way from reality. China's nuclear arsenal, whose warheads aren't even attached to missiles in peacetime, is designed only as a retaliatory force. Even with the Dongfeng-31 missiles online, Beijing's strategic-missile force will be just one-eighteenth the size of Washington's. Those limits

mean that while Beijing may be able to put up a credible fight to protect the homeland, it still can't project a large force thousands of miles away—a capability that belongs uniquely to the U.S.

At the very least, however, China's

new military tools will alter the balance of power in Asia. Explains Ralph Cossa, who heads the Pacific Forum Center for Strategic and International Studies in Honolulu: "China isn't trying to project power to San Francisco Bay. It's trying to project power to the South China Sea." Though China's leaders may want to restore their nation to its traditional Middle Kingdom status as Asia's dominant power, they must still face a formidable U.S. military presence in the Pacific. That doesn't necessarily mean war, but it almost certainly means more tension. "Are the Chinese building a gun that ultimately they're going to point at us?" asks Kent Harrington, a former CIA intelligence officer for Asia. "I don't think today we can reach that conclusion. But we need to talk to them about it now to make sure it doesn't happen in the future." In the meantime, the U.S. can expect the spies to keep coming. —With reporting by

Jaime A. FlorCruz/Beijing and Mark Thompson/Washington

## Eyewitness: An Experiment in Voting, If Not Democracy

**Ballot**

IT HAS BEEN HARD FOR outsiders to see, following the recent crackdowns in China, that there is a place for democracy in this vast nation. There is—but it remains limited. Two weeks ago, I joined an American delegation from the Atlanta-based Carter Center to observe a township election of government officials and People's Congress representatives in China's Sichuan province. When we arrived in Bangqiao (pop. 1,987), a hamlet of thatch-roof houses and muddy roads, the villagers had gathered on the basketball court of a local school to elect three representatives to the township People's Congress. There wasn't a lot of choice: four candidates, all picked by

The "campaign" was short, confined to predictable platitudes. The candidates—the incumbent village chief, the town treasurer, the chair of the local women's association and the school principal—stood stiffly on a stage. They gave brief, stilted speeches, pledging to represent the people's interest.

By contrast, the voting was festive. Villagers chatted and schoolchildren played. Above them, paper bunting hanging on a string bore a hortatory slogan: EXERCISE YOUR SACRED RIGHT TO CAST YOUR BALLOT! Loudspeakers blared circa-1970s revolutionary songs as people marked the ballots on their lap. Not all residents were enthused. "These officials are all the same," a wiry farmer sniffed. "I'm not even voting." He complained angrily about the depressed price of pork and lambasted the "Zhu Ba" (Pork Despot), a local entrepreneur who has monopolized the buying and selling of pigs.

Wang Shilan, 48, held four ballots. "I'm voting for my whole



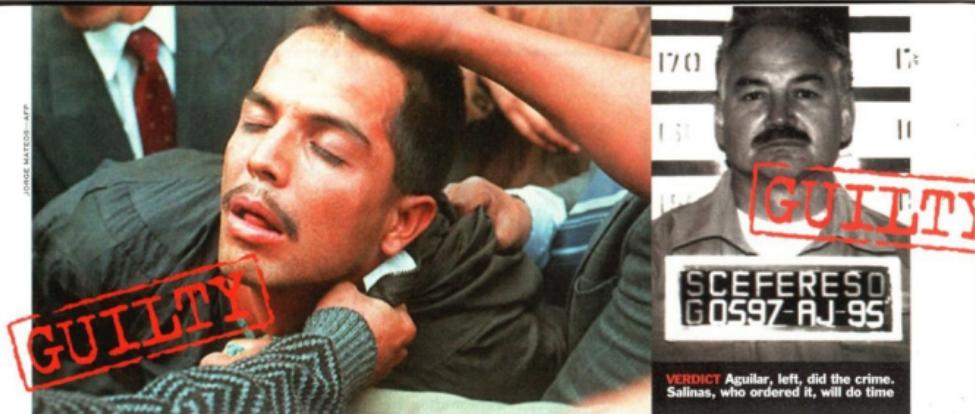
Two village men acting as proxies fill out multiple ballots during township elections in Banqiao

party, for three seats.

Growing social discontent alarms China's leaders, who believe stability is necessary to improve the nation's economy. "A lot of things are going on beyond Beijing's control," notes Emory University professor Robert Pastor. That uneasiness has led to some very public crackdowns, most recently against the nascent China Democracy Party.

But the democratic spirit may spread. Predicts Zou Jiahua, a top National People's Congress official: "As the economy develops and living standards improve, people will enjoy more democracy. But nurturing democracy is a process." Chinese peasants typically do not think about the glories of remaking society. They think about smaller, more parochial matters like building roads and bridges and picking up cash by selling more kiwi fruit and pork. In their eyes, getting the chance to cast a ballot does not yet ring grandly of revolution. They'd rather find a way to get rid of the Pork Despot.

—By Jaime A. FlorCruz/Bangqiao



**VERDICT** Aguilar, left, did the crime. Salinas, who ordered it, will do time

WORLD

## Triggerman's Blues

Raúl Salinas is given 50 years for a murder plot that stunned Mexico. Now the killer talks to TIME

By TIM PADGETT MEXICO CITY

**L**AST THURSDAY, WHEN A FEDERAL JUDGE in Mexico City sentenced Raúl Salinas de Gortari to 50 years in prison for orchestrating the 1994 murder of his former brother-in-law José Francisco Ruiz Massieu, all Mexico seemed to exhale. Salinas, the older brother of former President Carlos Salinas, has been a symbol of the nation's rot. The coldness of some of his acts—ordering the killing of his own brother-in-law!—was so great that the case somehow transcended its specifics and became a referendum on Mexico's hopes and fears.

Raúl's conviction was supposed to be a sign that Mexico was reforming its authoritarian democracy. But last week there was at least one reminder of how far the nation has to go. While Raúl confronted his verdict in a prison cell west of Mexico City, 50 miles away, in a prison called Soutsida, a tightly wound, closely shorn 34-year-old ex-cowboy named Daniel Aguilar Treviño described a Mexican political system that is still dark, unforgiving and sinister. Aguilar is serving a 50-year term for pumping the fatal bullet into Ruiz Massieu's neck from point-blank range. In recent weeks, for the first time, Aguilar described to TIME how, working through intermediaries, Raúl Salinas arranged for the killing of Ruiz Massieu, a political leader his associates called a "data bank" on Raúl's corruption. The story is colorful but, with

many of the key figures in jail or out of reach, difficult to confirm.

When he was first arrested after killing Ruiz Massieu, Aguilar seemed an unlikely man. Authorities described him as a bumpkin desperate for the \$15,000 fee he reportedly earned for the murder. But Aguilar insists—and underworld colleagues confirm—that he is in fact a member of a sophisticated kidnapping ring that abducts not for ransom but for hire—usually by politicians, businessmen or criminals who want to scare rivals into submission. Aguilar was highly trained for the ring's swat-style ops—to fly single-engine planes, for instance, and belay from a helicopter. "We weren't like the sloppy ransom kidnappers," he says. "We had an honor code ... that dictated that you don't commit violence if you don't have to."

Which is why, says Aguilar, Raúl Salinas approached the group's leaders to abduct Ruiz Massieu. Originally the plan was just for a kidnapping, to silence him—and perhaps to punish him for an acrimonious divorce from Salinas' sister. But in the late summer of 1994, Salinas' men changed the plan: "They said [Ruiz Massieu] was too much of a threat to the Salinas, and that we'd have to kill him. I've never been so shook up as when I heard that."

There was little Aguilar could do. If he had tried to back out, he insists, he would have been killed. He urged the conspirators to let him use a long-range rifle, but they were adamant that he use an automatic

pistol up close and flee in a waiting car.

In the early morning just before the assassination, Aguilar says he felt like a man "manipulated on strings by Mexico's circle of power." He claims that the Salinas cronies who hired him provided him with a 9-mm machine gun-style pistol, which he hid under a folded newspaper, less than half an hour before Ruiz Massieu emerged from a meeting. After watching Ruiz Massieu climb into the driver's seat of his car, Aguilar stepped up and fired a round through the window. But then, he says, the gun either jammed or had no more rounds left. Either way, he says, he concluded that the gun had been rigged to leave him defenseless—and that whoever was in the getaway car was set to kill him too. He started to run and was quickly engulfed by police.

Aguilar says that when he was tortured by police, he gave up two names but remained silent about Salinas. And, he insists, he would have stayed silent even now, except for the fact that he says he too became one of Raúl Salinas' victims. In August 1997, Aguilar says, he received news in his cell that his common-law wife and toddler son had been kidnapped as a way of forcing him to proclaim Raúl's innocence. (Raúl Salinas' lawyers did not return TIME's calls.) Aguilar did tell a Mexico City daily that Raúl had no part in the conspiracy. "But it wasn't the truth," he says. And the kidnapping infuriated him. "That was the last time I intend to be betrayed by Raúl."

Aguilar's new account is important because, although Salinas was convicted last week, many Mexican legal scholars are worried that the verdict—which relies heavily on circumstantial evidence—may melt on appeal. Aguilar's story, if it holds up, could bolster the conviction. But even with both Aguilar and Raúl in jail, Mexican officials say Salinas-style corruption remains a problem—and Aguilar's old gang is still practicing its dangerous trade.

# IACOCCA GET

The former Chrysler chairman wants to be back in business—on an electric bike

By FRANK GIBNEY JR.

LEE IACOCCA, FATHER OF THE MUSTANG and the minivan, the impresario who engineered one of the most audacious corporate comebacks in capitalist history, left Detroit with a historic legacy. But no sooner had the Chrysler chairman stepped down in 1992 than the wheels began to fall off. His third marriage disintegrated. His 1995 partnering with Las Vegas financier Kirk Kerkorian in an abortive bid to take over Chrysler ended in a fiasco of lawsuits, not to mention accusations of treachery and avarice by his former colleagues.

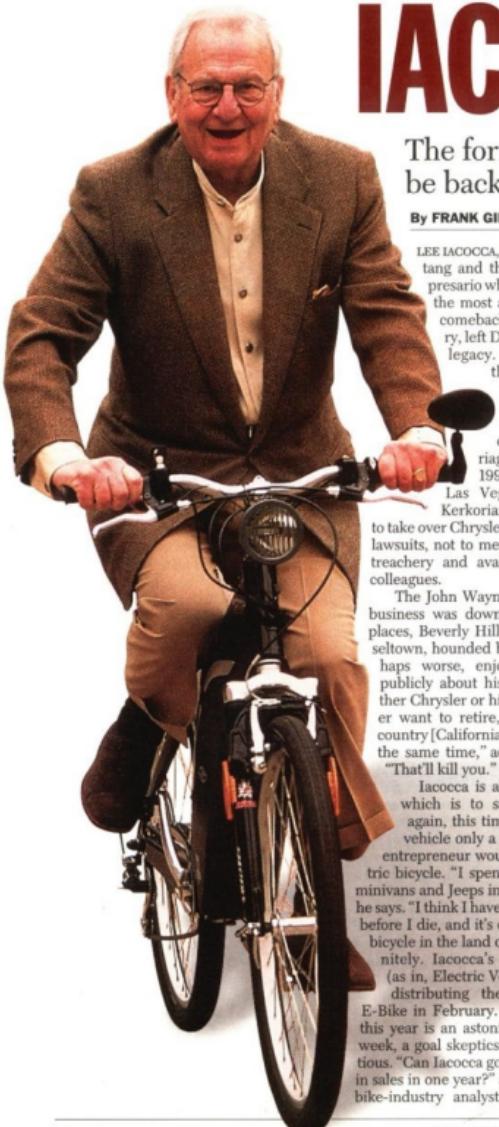
The John Wayne of the automobile business was down and out in, of all places, Beverly Hills—a carman in Tinseltown, hounded by lawyers and, perhaps worse, enjoined from talking publicly about his problems with either Chrysler or his ex-wife. "You never want to retire, move to a foreign country [California] and get divorced at the same time," advises Iacocca now. "That'll kill you."

Iacocca is alive and well at 73, which is to say he's talking big again, this time about the kind of vehicle only a fully California-ized entrepreneur would attempt: an electric bicycle. "I spent all my life putting minivans and Jeeps in American garages," he says. "I think I have one vision left in me before I die, and it's electric." Fine, but a bicycle in the land of muscle cars? Definitely. Iacocca's EV Global Motors (as in, Electric Vehicle) plans to start distributing the Taiwan-produced E-Bike in February. His sales target for this year is an astonishing 1,000 bikes a week, a goal skeptics say is far too ambitious. "Can Iacocca go from zero to 50,000 in sales in one year?" asks Ed Benjamin, a bike-industry analyst. "Most Americans

haven't got a clue what an electric bike is."

Keep in mind that, outlandish as it sounds, this scheme comes from a man who made his career betting against the short-term odds. No one is longing for environmentally correct transportation. But there has never been as much global political pressure to produce nonpolluting vehicles. In Asia and Europe, where noisy, gas-powered scooters are fast being outlawed, electric bicycle markets are exploding. Analysts like retired GM engineer Frank Jamerson expect even the minuscule U.S. market, led by enviroconscious California, to double this year, as it did in 1998, to a total of 30,000 bikes sold. "How deep is the market?" asks Iacocca rhetorically. "Why does a girl need a 4WD sport-utility vehicle in Beverly Hills? The electric bike is a life-style thing—and we'll get a lot of interest out there if we play this right."

Since leaving Detroit, Iacocca has foisted with an eclectic array of proposals, even serving a brief stint as chairman of Koo Koo Roo Chicken, the health-conscious fast-food chain. He turned down an early invitation to team up with inventor



## E-Cycling

**THE E-BIKE IS**  
driven by a battery-powered motor or by pedaling. Riders can switch to power for those steep hill climbs



**MOTOR**  
400-watt hub motor

**COST**  
\$995

**TOP SPEED**  
15 m.p.h. (24 km/h)

# IT'S NEW WHEELS

Malcolm Bricklin's electric-bike company. Yet Iacocca has been intrigued by electric propulsion since his early days at Ford, 50 years ago. "Thomas Edison promised Henry Ford he would be able to throw away the internal-combustion engine," he says. "It's 100 years later, and we're just now seeing some progress."

So Iacocca launched EV Global in late 1996. Now EVG has 10 employees, support from Taiwan's Giant bicycle (which produces the E-Bike) and backing from private Swiss and Italian financiers ("Europe is our next stop," he says). Iacocca has also invested in Energy Conversion Devices, an innovative Detroit batterymaker run by former General Motors chairman Robert Stempel, and in Unique Mobility Inc., which designs some of the world's most advanced electric motors. "We're assembling all the people who want to be part of the electric-vehicle revolution," says Iacocca. "This is how you get it started."

The E-Bike has neither Mustang pizazz nor minivan practicality, but it sure will turn heads at the mall. Designed by an assemblage of talent, including Harald Belker, who gave Hollywood the Batmobile, the two-wheeler is a mountain bike with an ignition on the handlebars. Just turn the key, and it will carry you about 20

miles between charges (at any 110-volt outlet)—unless, that is, you're not too lazy to pedal, in which case it'll take you as far as you want to go. The sticker price: \$995.

But who wants it? Iacocca is counting on niche markets around the U.S. Retirement communities are an obvious target (he has spent some time playing golf at them lately). Small-town police departments in California already use electric bicycles, mostly made by ZAP Power Systems, a U.S. market leader. Later this year EVG plans to introduce a folding electric bike, which Iacocca figures is just the accessory for the life-style-conscious drivers of minivans and SUVs. "It's like the Trojan Horse," says the prince of promotion. "If I can get enough bikes into garages, then eventually kids are going to pressure the old man to make an electric vehicle the family's third car."

Which, of course, is the point. This is not just about electric bicycles. EVG already has a prototype electric scooter (Iacocca has a relationship with renowned scootermaker Piaggio) and long-range plans to produce small electric delivery vans.

Still, Iacocca's new venture faces a long, steep climb to success. The E-Bike is already nine months late to market (at an entrepreneurial burn rate of \$150,000 a month) because of the technical difficulties in producing a finely tuned hybrid to Iacocca's exacting specifications. Instead of selling through bike dealers, EVG will peddle the E-Bike through auto dealers, where advertising budgets are gargantuan and Iacocca's credit impeccable.

Next week Iacocca will put his mouth where his money is, when he unveils the E-Bike at the National Auto Dealers Association convention in San Francisco. Whether EVG is another Mustang or another Edsel, friends say the effort has rejuvenated a man who told *FORTUNE* magazine he had "flunked retirement." Says Irene DiVito, a co-founder and vice president of EVC: "He's got his game back." And this is a man who only plays to win. ■



## Electricity's Allure

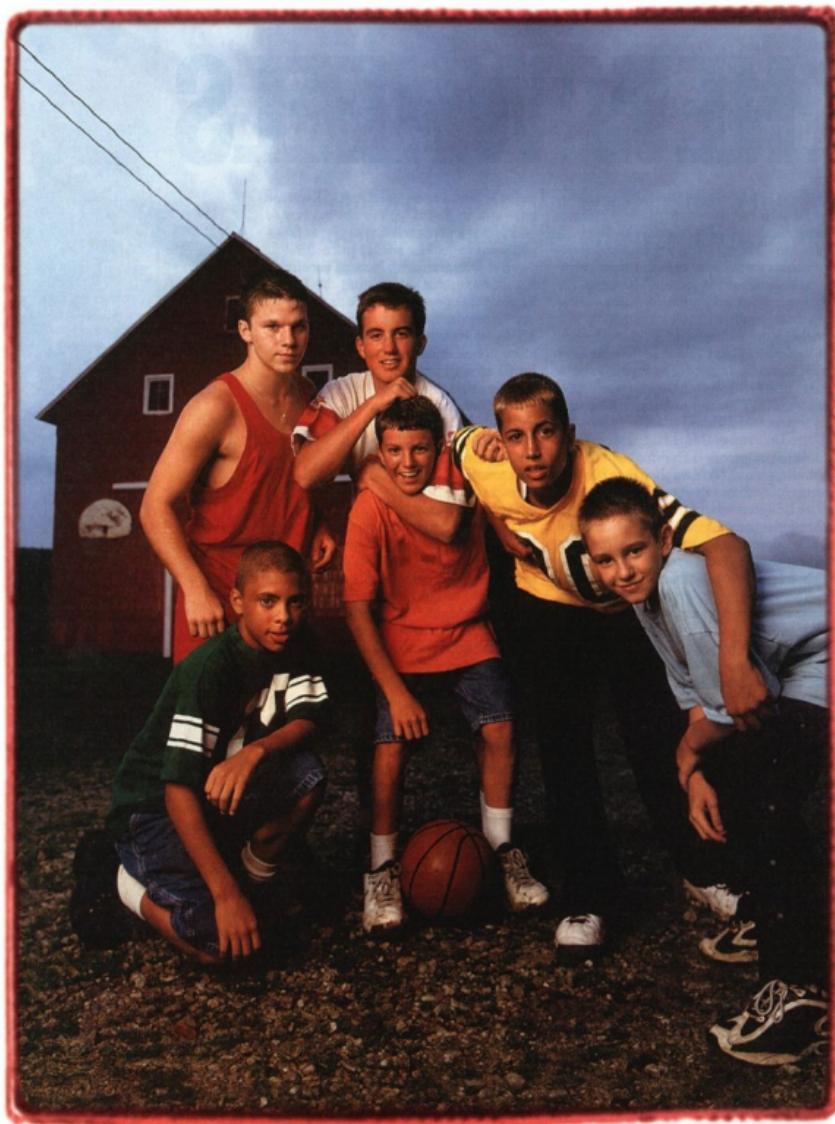
**MARKETS:** Japan (250,000 in '98), Europe (65,000), China (30,000), U.S. (15,000)

**COMPETITION:** Yamaha, Sanyo, Trek, ZAP Power Systems, Schwinn

**PRICE RANGE:**  
\$450 to \$2,500

**BOTTOM LINE:** New technology makes batteries light and powerful, but prices must decrease to make E-Bikes big sellers





# INDIANA

# TEAM

# SPRIT

*It's building*

# MORE THAN JUST

# GREAT

# ATHLETES

Indiana has been home to some of America's greatest sports teams for more than a century. Maybe it's because Hoosiers are naturally competitive. Or maybe it's because the local fans are so supportive. Whatever the reason, teamwork is one of the



Indiana, USA

qualities that has made their state great. And it's definitely one of the reasons Indiana was chosen as the site of Toyota's major new U.S. vehicle manufacturing plant.

By the time it's fully operational, Toyota Motor Manufacturing, Indiana will have the capacity to produce 150,000 vehicles per year. The 2,300 new jobs created here will raise Toyota's direct U.S. employment to more than 25,000. Now that's what we call an expansion team.

As a company which does business in the global marketplace, Toyota recognizes the need to invest in local design, research and manufacturing, to ensure that the products we sell answer the special needs and standards of all of our drivers. That's why, in 25 countries around the world, Toyota vehicles are being manufactured by the same people who drive them — local people.

Sure, it makes good business sense for Toyota. But it also builds growth and competitiveness in the communities where we do business. That's what team spirit means to Toyota. It's how we play the game.

**TOYOTA** People Drive Us

# OFFICES BY THE HOUR

Kinko's carved out a market selling services to folks working at home. Copycats are moving in

By DANIEL EISENBERG

**M**ISSED PACKAGE DELIVERIES and phone calls. The occasional barking dog. This wasn't exactly what Tom Galloway had in mind when he launched a digital printing business from his home a few years ago. He was going to roll out of bed each morning, fire up the coffee and PC and make a fortune without ever getting out of his pajamas. Yeah, right. Within a few weeks, he was buried under paperwork and lonely. After six months, he hung up his bathtrobe for good. "It was such a pain," Galloway recalls.

Even though he no longer works at home, Galloway still deals with that kind of frustration—every day if he's lucky. His new venture, a franchised chain of upscale, small business-service centers called Your Office USA, happens to target carbon copies of his former discombobulated self. Your Office is just the latest entry in the growing business of serving folks who work from home. That encompasses nearly 40 million people, from small-business owners to corporate telecommuters, according to International Data Corp., and many are searching for a home away from their chaotic and/or lonely home offices. Cut off from the professional services and social interaction that come with cubicle life, they're crying out for support, not to mention a little chitchat.

Along with executive-suite operators

such as HQ and Regus, Your Office has a notion of being a more elegant version of Kinko's, the document dynamo that's gone from a haphazard copy shop to a retail multitask force. Even superstores like Office Depot and Staples are looking to duplicate Kinko's by adding more in-house, digital offerings. The industry's growth is such that Kinko's and Your Office both hope to go public in the next year or two.

A subsidiary of IB Your Office, a \$50 million-a-year company with more than 100 franchises in Europe and Asia, Your Office, based in Charlotte, N.C., recently opened its first U.S. outposts in cities such as New York, Charlotte, San Diego and Denver. Founder Uwe Brettmann, a former executive at The Body Shop, calls Your Office a "superstore for the home-based entrepreneur," and plans to open 25 more locations this year. Sure, the 6,000-sq.-ft. interiors have the familiar, drab trappings of officedom: a receptionist area, long hallways with mediocre art on the walls leading to individual offices. But few corporate sites house such varied activity. One customer trains security guards in a meeting room, for instance; nearby, a techie taps away.

Randolph Blatt, 41, of Raleigh, N.C., is one of those techies. After working from home for four years, Blatt, who recruits computer professionals, tired of the distractions. "I would get phone calls, and I had screaming babies in the background. I would duck into my laundry room to hide. It never worked," Blatt says. "[Here] I reg-

## Taking Care Of Business

### KINKO'S

- Rent a PC or Mac: about \$12 an hour
- Make ads and brochures: \$30
- Videoconference: \$150-\$240 an hour
- YOUR OFFICE USA
- Rent a furnished office: \$15 an hour
- Hire a secretary: \$25 an hour
- Have a signature notarized: \$10



ularly run into people, and I feel like I'm part of the world." Your Office also hopes to serve the millions of sales reps who have lost their desks to downsizing and become corporate nomads, as well as on-the-go entrepreneurs who want satellite offices in several cities. By the hour, the day or the month they can rent office space, hire a secretary, check their mailboxes or e-mail, or conduct a videoconference. Whenever New York City bankruptcy attorney Garret Rubin has to meet clients near the Brooklyn courts, he uses a nearby Your Office. "I wish my office were this nice," he says.

The advent of new competitors has already sharpened the focus of Kinko's, which provides a widening array of services for its customers, who make 16 billion copies a year. Like the college kids it used to serve, this once ragtag collection of copy shops has graduated to more seri-



ous pursuits, its hit-or-miss menu of services now replaced by corporate conformity. In the past two years, Kinko's has been rolled up from a loose partnership into a \$1 billion-a-year juggernaut led by a new CEO, Joseph Hardin Jr., a former high-ranking Wal-Mart executive who doesn't think small. He just launched a \$40 million ad campaign with the slogan "Express Yourself," and plans to add 100 branches to the more than 900 Kinko's has worldwide.

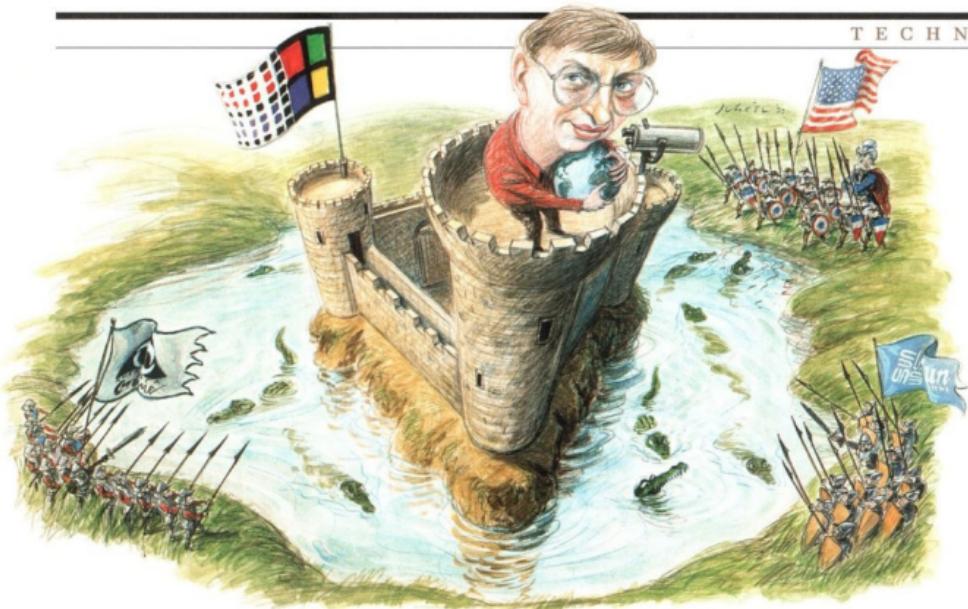
In any of these outlets, day or night, graphic artists and bank presidents alike can access a uniform set of PCs, fax machines, color copiers and printers to update résumés, create flyers, trade ideas and confer with clients. "We're the intellectual meeting place in any community," claims Paul Orfalea, who started Kinko's in an old Santa Barbara, Calif., hamburg-

er stand in 1970 (the name came from his kinky red hair). That may be a stretch. But there's no denying that Orfalea, who owns a third of the company (probably worth a few hundred million) and wanders the world as a Kinko's goodwill ambassador, has created his own brand of low-end consulting.

A key part of that success, it turns out, is replicating the sense of community that employees used to find hanging around the water cooler and the cafeteria. "It's a social, professional network," argues Franklin Becker, director of Cornell University's International Workplace Studies Program. "The real value at Kinko's is sharing ideas and leads with a broad range of people." Says Terri Billoff, a Milwaukee, Wis., Web consultant who often chats with the Kinko's "co-workers," as the staff is known: "I've really kind of built up a rap-

port with them and received referrals from them." And Susan Cumins, a Miami p.r. agent, calls Kinko's "the only office social experience I connect with. It's like the office, but without the politics." To make things cozier, Kinko's has opened up a few FedEx and Citibank minibranes in its stores, and it's talking with Starbucks about adjoining coffee bars. At Your Office, franchisees hold pizza parties and holiday bashes to bring their disparate customers together.

It doesn't take much. As long as the dogs keep barking, the babies keep crying, and the computers keep crashing, there should be no shortage of weary homeworkers desperate for a change of scenery—and, if new companies like Your Office are any indication, no shortage of places for them to go. —With reporting by Greg Aunapu/Miami, Erik Gunn/Kenosha and Alison Jones/Durham



# THE VIEW FROM MICROSOFT

Bill Gates sees the world very differently from his antitrust pursuers. Could it be that he is right?

By ADAM COHEN WASHINGTON

**W**HEN BILL GATES APPEARED ON *Martha Stewart Living* last week, he seemed as wholesome as a tin of her homemade gingerbread cookies. He encouraged America's children to "dive in and use the computer, even if they feel like maybe the other kids are better." He talked about his two-year-old daughter who "gets a kick" out of the software she's using to learn the alphabet. And he was warmly supportive when Stewart confided that her 84-year-old mother is getting

started on e-mail. "That's fantastic," Gates told Stewart, with genuine interest. "With a few hours you can get very comfortable."

The segment ended before Gates could help make scented candles, but Microsoft's point had been made. Gates' TV appearance was part of a two-pronged effort: a Microsoft p.r. campaign to counter those famously snarly Gates videotapes, and a courtroom defense, begun in earnest last week, to fight the antitrust charges against the company. At the center of both is Microsoft's peculiar vision of the computer world and its place in that realm. Microsoft sincerely sees itself as a force for good—bringing PC users

technical innovation and consumer value—and far from being a powerful monopoly, feels threatened on all sides. It's a radically different view from the government's, and the outcome of the antitrust suit may turn on whether Microsoft can persuade the courts to see the world as it does.

How can Microsoft say it's not a monopoly when its software operates 9 out of 10 of the world's PCs? Because it considers nearly every high-tech company—including behemoths like Intel, Sun Microsystems, Oracle and AT&T—to be a direct rival. The company has become increasingly concerned about the breakneck speed at which those companies are forming alliances. America Online is buying Netscape, At Home is buying Excite, Lucent is acquiring Ascend Communications—all deals worked out since the start of the antitrust trial. "This is a yeasty industry," says Microsoft general counsel William Neukom. "It's important to realize how fast things move." Of course, none of the deals is focused on operating-system software, so none poses a direct threat to the dominance of Windows. But that doesn't stop Microsoft from worrying.

Microsoft is also flummoxed by the government's claim that its allegedly monopolistic practices have hurt consumers. Microsoft argues, with some justification,

that PC software has been rapidly improving and continues to do so. As for price, Microsoft's lead witness, economist Richard Schmalensee, testified last week that if it were a monopoly, Microsoft would charge at least 16 times as much for Windows as it actually does. Microsoft makes much of the fact that the government's economist, Franklin Fisher, testified that consumers weren't being hurt by Microsoft's actions in the Internet-browser market. Of course, Fisher also said he believed there will be harm—just that it hasn't happened yet.

Microsoft also contends that the government's factual case—those e-mails about dividing up the Internet-browser market, the deals that reward companies for using Microsoft's browser—is based on a fundamental misunderstanding about how the computer industry works. When the company leans hard on rivals, it says, it's playing typical high-tech hardball. Oracle, Intel or Apple, Microsoft insists, would do no differently. And meetings that look collusive to lawyers in Washington are required in an industry where rival products must fit together. "There have to be some standards," says Neukom. "That means collaboration, that means cooperation."

Microsoft's most intriguing argument is that the industry model it dominates—PCs that run on their own operating-system software—is in peril. "When you think of competition, you have to get out of the mind-set that this is a PC-centered world," says Neukom. In the near future, Microsoft argues, computers may run on free, open-source software, or may use the Internet as a platform for running applications like word processing and e-mail, making Windows obsolete. In Microsoft's view, its dominant market position is just one paradigm shift away from being undone.

Tech experts debate hotly how likely this is to happen, and how soon. Legal experts add that it may be a hard argument to make at trial. "It's difficult because it relies on getting the court to look over the horizon and take seriously events that haven't happened yet," says George Washington University law professor William Kovacic.

It may also seem strange to hear the world's most successful company predict its own demise. But it's a familiar story on Wall Street, where Microsoft is famous for telling analysts that the future looks bleak and then acting surprised when its profits go up. Sure enough, when Microsoft announced its quarterly results last week, it revealed that its income had jumped 75%, handily beating expectations and sending its stock soaring. Investors learned long ago to discount Microsoft's predictions that the sky is falling. Microsoft's challenge is to convince the courts that now it really is. ■

## From IPOs to UFOs

**Joe Firmage was a Silicon Valley whiz kid with a golden touch on the Web. Then he met an alien**

**T**IT WAS THE MORNING AFTER JOE FIRIMAGE had his revelation about gravity and quantum mechanics that the alien showed up. The clock radio went off in his Los Gatos, Calif., home at 6:10, and he'd just hit snooze when the image of a dark, bearded man appeared over his bed. "Why have you bothered me?" the visitor asked, sounding rather annoyed.

"I want to travel in space," Firmage replied.

The being chuckled skeptically. "Why should you deserve that opportunity?"

"Because I'm willing to die for it."

The visitor bowed his head, and a blue sphere of light left his body and entered Joe's. "I was physically overwhelmed," Firmage recalls, "with an ecstasy and a joy that I had never even imagined possible."

Why, one might ask, is this close encounter different from any other? Well, because Firmage, 28, is an Internet whiz kid whose consulting company, USWeb, is worth about \$2 billion. And because Firmage last week published a 240-page version of his magnum opus, *The Truth*, on his website. And finally, because his yen for space travel hasn't yet cost him his life, but it has now cost him his job.

Joe Firmage grew up in Salt Lake City, Utah, with one eye fixed on his math and science textbooks and another on the stars. He launched his first start-up, Serius Corp., in 1989 and sold it to Novell for \$24 million four years later. He moved to Silicon Valley in '95, co-founded USWeb and joined the Internet gravy train.

But by '97 his consuming interests in physics and astronomy had led him to the work of Miguel Alcubierre, who suggested in a 1994 paper that the space-time continuum could be modified within the framework of Einstein's theory of general relativity to allow a spaceship to travel faster

than light—much like the "warp drives" of science fiction. Serious physicists don't dismiss such theories out of hand, describing them as intriguing thought experiments that could conceivably be proved true in, oh, say, 300 or 400 years.

Firmage, however, travels quite a bit farther into *la-la* land, insisting that he's in contact with a hush-hush federal lab that will release world-shattering experimental data in a matter of months. "This is real," he maintains. "And it's the story of the millennium."

If so, he's way ahead of the pack. When Firmage's website came to light

last November, his days at USWeb were numbered. He jumped ship—he denies reports that he was pushed—in a matter of weeks. "There are two camps [at USWeb]," he laughs. "One says there's plausibility here. The other says, 'He's a nut.'"

In person he doesn't seem like a nut. Rather, he comes across as an intelligent, engaging young man with a refreshing sense of humor about his obsessive commitment to some extremely strange ideas.

At any rate, Firmage has embarked on his new career of fringe visionary with typical entrepreneurial zeal. His to-do list includes self-publishing *The Truth* in book form this summer, giving interviews to everyone from CNN to UFO-friendly radio host Art Bell, talking to Hollywood about various film and TV projects and founding a pair of start-ups to promote his spacy ideas and implement his vision for "sustainable" online commerce.

He seems to like his latest incarnation even better than his years as a software wizard. "When I look up in the stars," he says, "I see a far more majestic picture than most people see." And who knows? Perhaps our descendants will look back from the next millennium and marvel at just how far Joe Firmage saw. —By Michael Krantz/San Francisco



WARP DRIVE: Ready to be beamed up

# THE SUICID

By JEFFREY KLUGER

**F**OR FARMERS HOPING FOR A HEALTHY harvest, the best place to turn for help these days is the Monsanto Corp. One of the world's leading biotechnology companies—and lately a pioneer in genetically engineered seeds—Monsanto has been incorporating flashy traits like herbicide and pest resistance into everything from canola to corn. But such supercrops don't come cheap. Farmers pay a premium for Monsanto seeds, and to make sure they keep paying, the company requires them to sign an agreement promising not to plant seeds their crops produce. If farmers want the same bountiful harvest next year, they must return to the company for a new load of seeds.

While this arrangement makes sense for Monsanto, it works only if farmers honor it—something that's difficult to police in the U.S. and almost impossible in the developing world. Now, however, Monsanto hopes to enforce biologically what it can't enforce contractually. With the help of clever genes currently in development, future Monsanto crops may be designed with a new feature in mind: sterility. No sooner will the company's plants mature than the seeds they carry will lose the ability to reproduce.

From Monsanto's point of view, the set of new genes—which others have dubbed Terminator—is a perfectly legitimate way to protect their intellectual-property rights. Not everybody agrees. And in the 10 months since the patent for the seed-sterilizing technology was issued, Terminator has become the focus of a grass-roots protest that is spreading through the Internet like, well, wildfire.

Let the new science take hold, opponents warn darkly, and farmers could find themselves coming to Monsanto, seed cup in hand, paying whatever the company demands before they can plant that season's crop. Worse still, some doomsday scenarios suggest, pollen from Terminator plants could drift with the wind like a toxic cloud, cross with ordinary crops or wild plants, and spread from species to species until flora all around the world had been suddenly and irreversibly sterilized.

No serious scientist thinks anything so dire will come to pass. For Monsanto, however, with a technology in its pocket and a fight on its hands, the situation is about as grim as it can get—at least in terms of public relations. "From a marketing perspective, the technology is brilliant," says biotech critic Jeremy Rifkin. "From a social perspective, it's pathological. This is a question of who controls the seeds of life."

To get a feel for the p.r. beating Monsanto is taking, check out the Web. Activist groups like Rural Advancement Foundation International are using the Net to rally Terminator opponents, urging them to flood the U.S. Department of Agriculture with letters of protest. At least 4,000 people from 62 countries have responded—an anti-Monsanto army raised by the electronic word pop alone. "The group R.A.F.I. masterfully called this Terminator," says Gary Toenniessen, deputy director for agricultural science at the Rockefeller Foundation in New York City. "It's not what Monsanto would call it."

For all the heat Monsanto is taking, the company did not create Terminator. The technology was developed by the USDA and a Mississippi seed company known as Delta and Pine Land, and the patent was awarded to both of them. Monsanto later made a \$1 billion-plus offer to buy Delta—an offer that was quickly accepted.

Opponents don't care who made Terminator. To them the idea is Frankensteinian on its face. After tweezing out a toxin-producing stretch of DNA from a noncrop plant, gene scientists managed to knit the lethal genetic material into the genome of commercial plants. They also inserted two other bits of coding that would keep the killer gene dormant until late in the crop's development, when the toxin would affect only the seed and not the plant. But because the seed company needs to generate enough product to sell in the first place, the scientists included one more DNA sequence—one that repressed all the sterilizing genes they had just inserted. Once they had grown all the seeds they needed, they would soak them in an antibiotic bath that neutralized the genetic repressor—rendering them infertile. "This is the most intricate application of genetic engineering to date," says



# DE SEEDS

Terminator genes could mean big biotech bucks—but big trouble too, as a grass-roots protest breaks out on the Net

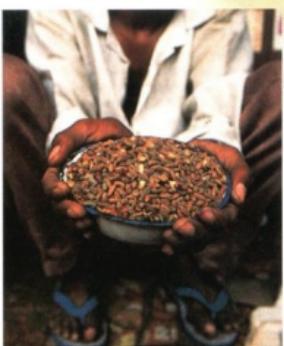
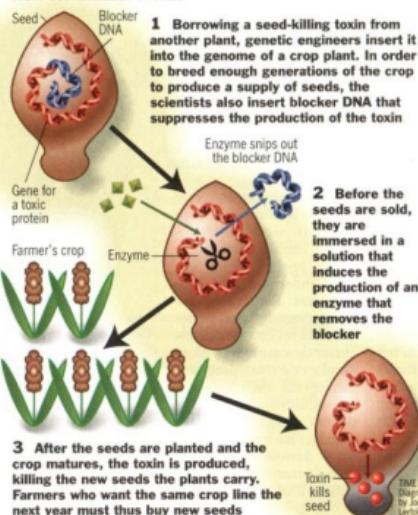
Margaret Mellon, a senior scientist at the Union for Concerned Scientists.

But clever science isn't necessarily popular science, and Terminator has made a lot of enemies, particularly in the developing world. The USDA and Delta and Pine Land have filed Terminator patent applications in dozens of countries. In many of those countries farmers can't afford to buy top-of-the-line seeds every year and must rely on saving a portion of each crop in order to plant their fields the following year. Monsanto insists that weak patent protection in many of these countries makes a technology like Terminator especially important. But that argument carries little weight in parts of the world where food bowls are going empty. "This technology brings no benefit to farmers," says Hope Shand, research director of RAFI.

Monsanto disagrees—and not without reason. Say what they will about Terminator, even some detractors admit that the company designs a hell of a seed. The maker of one of the world's most popular herbicides, Monsanto has created crops that are resistant to the toxin. With it, farmers can spray away weeds without spraying away their harvest. The company has also developed plants with a built-in toxin that is harmless to humans but lethal to insects. If farmers in the developing world use these muscled-up crops—even with Terminator genes—their harvests might increase enough to cover the cost of buying seeds each spring. Says Delta and Pine Land vice president Harry Collins: "It will help them become more production-oriented rather than remaining subsistence farmers."

Despite the doomsday alarms being sounded by environmentalists, genetic engineers at Monsanto argue that there is no real risk of pollen from Terminator plants causing widespread sterilization in other plants—and they're probably right. Gene drift does occur, but nature doesn't make

## How Terminator Works



**BOWL OF GOLD:** Farmers in the developing world rely on this year's seeds to produce next year's, and could be hurt by Terminator

it easy. Many crops, like rice, are mostly self-pollinated. As for crops that are pollinated by wind or insects, precautions like planting border fields to keep crops isolated help confine genes. What's more, crops tend to mature at the same time—sending out a great puff of pollen all at once—while wild plants reproduce over a longer period. During the brief time Terminator pollen is in the air, relatively few wild plants would notice. "The concern over widespread escape is overblown," insists Toennissen.

None of this has deterred Monsanto's detractors. Activists are turning up the pressure on the Internet—supporting the "Cremate Monsanto" campaign in which protesters in India have set fire to company test fields. At the same time, a lawsuit is set to be filed charging that the USDA, by supporting Terminator technology, has violated its mandate to help American farmers. Monsanto will probably respond that without Terminator genes to guarantee seed sales, the company has no incentive to develop better crops. But while such a stop-me-before-I-kill-again argument may work in a business seminar, it may not play well before a jury.

For the next few years, things should remain unsettled. Although genetic technology is progressing rapidly, it could be years before a seed containing Terminator genes is ready for market. Lawsuits challenging the technology are likely to advance more slowly still. All this gives Monsanto a chance to rethink its marketing strategy. It may decide to limit the number of Terminator crops it develops or sell supercrops to the developing world without Terminator genes. Says Terminator critic Mellon: "There are many, many opportunities for this thing not to work." What worries critics is what happens if it does.

—Reported by  
David Bjerkie/New York, Meenakshi Ganguly/  
New Delhi and Dick Thompson/Washington

# THE PEOPLE VS.

By ROBERT F. HOWE

**A**TTORNEY DAVID GOODRICH HELD an almost religious belief in playing by the rules. Certainly his deference to protocol and respect for others were plainly evident on the day in June 1992 when, in the middle of the courtroom, he toppled flat onto his back. Coughing up blood, the prosecutor from San Bernardino County, 60 miles east of Los Angeles, apologized profusely to the court for the delay. "David stood out" for his fairness and selflessness, says his former boss John Kochis. "You felt good when you were around David."

Shortly after his courtroom fall, Goodrich was told he had stomach cancer. It was then that he found himself launched upon a three-year ordeal of battling not just the disease that would ultimately kill him but also Aetna U.S. Health Care, the nation's largest health insurer. As required, he first approached doctors in his plan. Conceding that they didn't have the expertise to treat his rare form of cancer, leiomyosarcoma, they referred him to specialists outside the plan. He bounced back and forth between clinics and Aetna bureaucrats who challenged his use of out-of-plan doctors and "experimental" treatments such as the high-dose chemotherapy and cryosurgery that specialists urged. Within four months the cancer spread to his liver. He continued his maddening shuttle for two years, but his fate was sealed.

Though Goodrich died in March 1995, at age 44, Aetna insists that it had approved all the necessary treatments and acted promptly and responsibly throughout. His widow Teresa felt otherwise and sued; Aetna, she said, in effect hastened her husband's death. In a decision with national resonance, a jury in San Bernardino County Superior Court agreed. Strenuously. In the stiffest such penalty ever imposed on an HMO, the jury two weeks ago awarded Goodrich's estate almost \$750,000 in compensatory damages for medical costs and \$3.8 million for "loss of companionship and support." In a separate decision last Wednesday, it topped those figures off with a breathtaking \$116 million in punitive damages, con-

cluding that Aetna had acted with fraud and malice. The jury "sent a message," says Jamie Court, director of Consumers for Quality Care, a California-based watchdog group. Not just to the HMOs, he adds, but also to Congress, which should "pay attention to denial of rights that kills patients."

Although the award is likely to be trimmed on appeal, its significance remains. The Goodrich family found justice where few can. Under the 1974 Employment Retirement Income Security Act, more than 125 million Americans currently covered by their employer's HMO programs cannot sue their provider for punitive damages. It doesn't matter if the HMO manager is a bumbling idiot or a devious scrooge. It doesn't matter even if the patient dies or loses a limb to negligence.

Originally designed to shield employee benefit plans from frivolous but potentially crippling lawsuits, ERISA evolved over time to protect HMOs from liability suits by anyone—except Medicare and Medicaid recipients, church officials and government employees like Goodrich. Others can go to court, but at most they are entitled to recover the cost of the care that their HMO refused to reimburse. Not much consolation.

ERISA's clear subordination to corporate interests lies near the heart of the national debate over health-care reform. In his State of the Union address, President Clinton once more pressed Congress to pass a Patients' Bill of Rights, a crucial element of which would be the right of any consumer to hold an HMO legally accountable for its medical blunders. Such unlikely allies as consumer-advocate groups and

STEVEN MAYER—THE PRESS ENTERPRISE



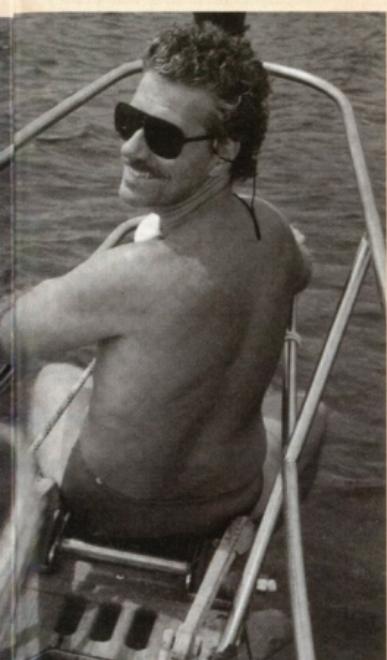
**“David was too weak to leave [after surgery], and on a ventilator. When I finally told him about the letter from the insurance company, he whispered, ‘I don’t believe it.’”**

—TERESA GOODRICH Just before her husband David, right, became ill, things were going great—wonderful jobs and, they thought, good health insurance

the American Medical Association support this reform. They argue that in attempting to practice cost control, HMOs end up practicing medicine. Even judges have voiced frustration. Ruling in favor of an HMO in an Oklahoma case in which the insurer delayed a bone-marrow transplant for a woman, who later died of leukemia, a three-judge panel in the 10th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals wrote, "Although moved by the tragic circumstances of this case and the seemingly needless loss of life ... we conclude that the law gives us no choice." Perplexed by such cases, legislators in Con-

# HMOs

You can sue your neighbor. You can sue your boss. You can even sue the President. But most Americans can't sue their health insurer. Reform is afoot to change that



## WAYS TO FIX IT

**While Teresa Goodrich could sue because her husband was a state employee, most consumers can't. To make HMOs universally accountable, health-care advocates and lawmakers are pushing three possible solutions:**

### MALPRACTICE SUITS

**UPSIDE** Revisions in existing statutes would allow all consumers to hold their HMOs legally liable.

**DOWNSIDE** If significantly more suits were filed, insurers would be forced to increase premiums.

### REVIEW PANELS

**UPSIDE** Already in place in 15 states, these panels hear appeals of treatment rulings by health insurers—and can rule against them.

**DOWNSIDE** In some places, panels have had difficulty enforcing their decisions.

### NO-FAULT INSURANCE

**UPSIDE** This kind of coverage could avoid the time and expense of suits and standardize awards.

**DOWNSIDE** HMOs might deny expensive care in favor of paying uniform awards that would actually cost less.

concluded that costs would rise only 1.2%, a mere \$7 per covered employee per year. House Republicans, led by Dennis Hastert of Illinois, now Speaker, opposed the plan largely on financial grounds, and Norwood's proposal languished. On the state level, intense industry lobbying torpedoed one reform plan after another.

Republican control of Congress may doom hopes of federal ERISA reform anytime soon. Still, Norwood has returned with a new bill that would not only allow patients to sue but would also give them the right to appeal to the courts as soon as an HMO denies care that a doctor recommends. Norwood's bottom line: "If you practice medicine with or without a license, you have to be responsible for your actions should you maim, harm or kill."

Some HMOs are attempting their own limited reforms. Just a month before the Goodrich award, all HMOs in California agreed to submit to review by an outside panel of doctors. Fifteen states allow patients to appeal HMO decisions to a state board, though critics say the panels almost always side with the insurer.

Only Texas, in 1997, has passed laws allowing consumers to seek legal damages from health-care programs. Dedicated to a woman who died of a brain tumor soon after she was told her headaches were nothing more than anxiety attacks, the Texas model is serving as something of a laboratory for reformers elsewhere. The landslide of litigation that critics predicted failed to materialize. Only one malpractice suit has so far been filed. The new state review panels expected to be deluged by 4,400 appeals from unhappy patients in the first year alone, but only 280 cases were heard, and in half those the boards ruled for the HMO. Doctors in the state say HMOs seem to have become more inclined to accept suggested treatments and speed the paperwork.

All this political to-and-fro-ing doesn't impress Goodrich's widow Teresa much. "He was incensed by the way he was treated," she recalls. "It offended his sense of justice." To her, the obvious solution lies in the simple maxim that her husband lived by: Do right by people.

—Reported by

James Wilwerth/San Bernardino, Dick Thompson/Washington and Hilary Hyton/Austin

gress and in 27 states last year considered bills that would expose health plans to the same malpractice liabilities as doctors—but didn't get very far.

Defenders of the current system argue, with some merit, that permitting people to sue insurers would lead to a flood of litigation, enrich lawyers, raise the cost of coverage and leave complex and emotional medical decisions to a patchwork of courts and juries. Expanding a patient's right to sue "would probably be the most inflationary change in the history of health care," says David Simon,

Aetna's chief legal officer. "You'd be telling people, 'Go sue like crazy. Make \$89 million verdicts routine.'"

When Representative Charlie Norwood, a Georgia Republican, introduced a bill last year that would have opened the door to HMO malpractice suits, the American Association of Health Plans quickly parried with a study by the accounting firm KPMG Peat Marwick predicting that the resulting torrent of suits would pump up premiums as much as 8.6%—a claim that lost some currency when, in a similar study, the Congressional Budget Office

# A GET-TOUGH POL

Mandatory sentencing was once America's law-and-order panacea. Here's why it's not working

By JOHN CLOUD

**R**EMEMBER LITTLE POLLY KLAAS? She was the 12-year-old Petaluma, Calif., girl whisked from a slumber party in 1993 and found murdered two months later. Her father Marc, horrified to learn that her killer was on parole and had attacked children in the past, called for laws making parole less common. He joined with others backing a "three strikes and you're out" law for California—no parole, ever, for those convicted of three felonies. Klaas went on TV, got in the papers, met the President—all within weeks after his daughter's body was found.

Then he began studying how the three-strikes law would actually work. He noticed that a nonviolent crime—burglary, for instance—could count as a third strike. "That meant you could get life for breaking

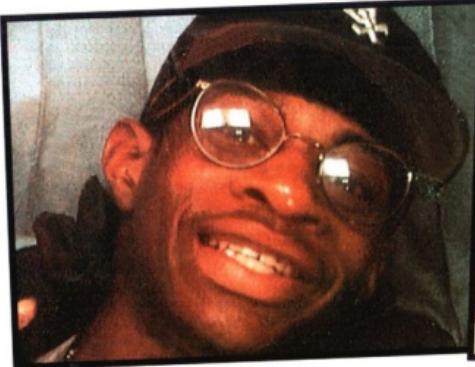
into someone's garage and stealing a stereo," he says. "I've had my stereo stolen, and I've had my daughter stolen. I believe I know the difference."

Klaas began speaking against three strikes. But his daughter had already become a symbol for the crackdown on crime, and California's legislature passed the three-strikes law. It now seems politically untouchable, despite horror stories like the one about a Los Angeles 27-year-old who got 25 years to life for stealing pizza. Last year two state senators tried to limit the measure to violent crimes, but the bill didn't make it out of committee. Governor Pete Wilson vetoed a bill simply to study the effects of the law.

Wilson probably knew what the study would conclude: while three-strikes laws sound great to the public, they aren't working. A growing number of states and private

groups have scrutinized these and other "mandatory-minimum laws," the generic name for statutes forcing judges to impose designated terms. The studies are finding that the laws cost enormous amounts of money, largely to lock up such nonviolent folks as teenage drug couriers, dope-starved addicts and unfortunate offenders like the Iowa man who got 10 years for stealing \$30 worth of steaks from a grocery store and then struggling with a store clerk who tackled him (the struggle made it a felony).

How much are we spending? Put it this way: mandatory minimums are the reason so many prisons are booming in otherwise impoverished rural counties across America. The U.S. inmate population has more than doubled (to nearly 2 million) since the mid-'80s, when mandatory sentencing became the hot new intoxicant for politicians. New York (the first state to enact mandatory minimums) has shelled \$600 million into prison construction since 1988; not coincidentally, in the



**DERRICK SMITH** The 19-year-old was accused in New York City of selling crack. Distraught at how many years he could get, he leaped out a window to his death



**PORSCHA WASICK** "Oh my, that's a long time!" the Ohio judge exclaimed on learning of the tough sentence awaiting this college student convicted of selling LSD in 1996

**Likely sentence 15 years to life**

**Sentenced to up to 25 years**

# POLICY THAT FAILED

same period it has sliced \$700 million from higher education. Americans will have to spend even more in the future to house and treat all the aging inmates. California has already filled its 114,000 prison beds, and double-bunks 46,000 additional inmates.

More important, mandatory minimums for nonviolent (and arguably timeless) drug crimes insult justice. Most mandatory sentences were designed as weapons in the drug war, with an awful consequence: we now live in a country where it's common to get a longer sentence for selling a neighbor a joint than for, say, sexually abusing her. (According to a 1997 federal report, those convicted of drug trafficking have served an average of almost seven years, nearly a year longer than those convicted of sexual abuse.) Several new books, including Michael Massing's *The Fix*, point out that the tough-on-drugs policies of the past 15 years haven't had much impact on the heart of the drug problem, abuse by long-term urban addicts. Even the usually hard-line drug czar Barry McCaffrey has written that "we can't incarcerate



**2 million** Number of people behind bars in the U.S., including local jails—twice as many as a decade ago

**60%** Portion of federal prisoners jailed for drug crimes, up from 38% before mandatory-sentencing laws were passed in 1986

**36%** Portion of drug offenders who committed nonviolent, low-level crimes

ate our way out of the drug problem." He has urged Congress to reduce mandatory minimums for crack, which are currently 100 times as heavy as those for powdered coke and impact most on minority youth.

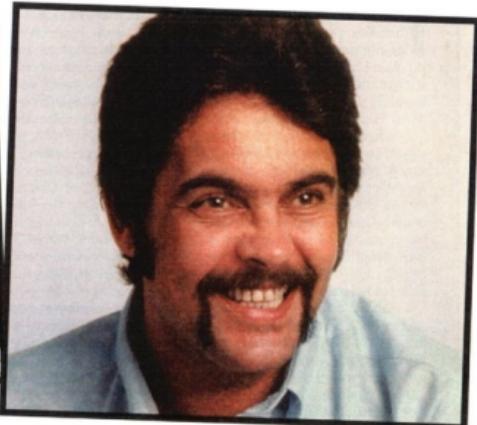
This injustice is most palpable on city streets. In places like New York there are more black and Hispanic kids in prison than in college. That injustice may have played a role in the fate of Derrick Smith, a New York City youth who in October faced a sentence of 15 years to life for selling crack. At the sentence hearing a distraught Smith told the judge, "I'm only 19. This is terrible." He then hurled himself out of a courtroom window and fell 16 stories to his death. "He didn't kill anyone; he didn't rob anyone," says his mother. "This happened because we are black and poor."

Worst of all, mandatory minimums have done little to solve the problems for which they were crafted. Casual drug use has declined since the 1970s, but the size of

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENE KARPER FOR TIME



**JEDONNA YOUNG** After 20 years in prison for heroin possession, she was ordered released on Friday under a new Michigan law allowing parole in drug cases



**DOUGLAS GRAY** Alabama police caught him buying a pound of pot. Earlier petty crimes made him a "habitual offender"

**Sentenced to life, now freed**

**Sentenced to life, no parole**

the addict population has remained stable. And even conservative criminologists concede that demographics (i.e., fewer young men) and better policing are more responsible for the dropping crime rate than criminals' fear of mandatory minimums. John DiJulio Jr., the Princeton professor who wrote a 1994 defense of mandatory sentencing for the *Wall Street Journal* with the charming headline *LET 'EM ROT*, now opposes mandatory minimums for drug crimes. He points out that more and more young, nonviolent, first-time offenders are being incarcerated—"and they won't find suitable role models in prison."

But even some older, repeat offenders are getting punishments that seem ridiculously disproportionate to their crimes. Consider Douglas Gray, a husband, father, Vietnam veteran and owner of a roofing business who bought a pound of marijuana in an Alabama motel for \$900 several years ago. The seller turned out to be a police in-

formant, a felon fresh from prison whom cops paid \$100 to do the deal. Because Gray had been arrested for several petty crimes 13 years earlier—crimes that didn't even carry a prison sentence—he fell under the state's "habitual offender" statutes. He got life without parole.

The good news is that a consensus is emerging among judges (including Reagan-appointed Chief Justice William Rehnquist), law enforcers and crime experts—among them many conservatives who once supported the laws—that mandatory minimums are foolish. The Supreme Court last week declined to hear a case challenging the California three-strikes law, but four Justices expressed concern about the law's effect and seemed to invite other challenges. A few brave politicians have gingerly suggested that the laws may be some-

thing we should rethink. Some states are starting to backtrack on tough sentencing laws:

■ **MICHIGAN** Last February former Republican Governor William Milliken called the "650 Lifer Law" his biggest mistake. The 1978 law mandated a life-without-parole term for possession with intent to deliver at least 650 g (about 1.4 lbs.) of heroin or cocaine. But though the law was intended to net big fish, few major dealers got hit. In fact, 86% of the "650 lifers" had never done time; 70% were poor. "A lot of them were young people who made very stupid mistakes but shouldn't have to pay

## Unequal Justice: Why Women Fare Worse

By RON STODGHILL II ALDERSON

IT CAN BE SAID NOW, PERHAPS, THAT KELLIE ANN MANN'S FIRST crime was falling in love with a guy like Patrick. Before she met the popular, streetwise boy whose curly, shoulder-length blond hair and swaggering gait sent girls' hearts racing, Mann was just another middle-class Atlanta teenager crossing the rocky terrain of adolescence. Once, twice at most, she toked a joint. Then, she says, one night in 1986, outside Crestwood High School in Roswell, Ga., with Patrick sitting beside her in her new silver Volkswagen Golf, she took her first hit of LSD. "My parents were divorcing, and I guess I was rebelling," says Mann, who was 16 at the time. "Besides, I thought Patrick was all of the things I wanted to be."

As it turned out, Patrick in time came under drug surveillance by federal agents. Mann claims she knew only of Patrick's penchant for using drugs, not selling them. Under Patrick's tutelage, she says, she experimented with acid, cocaine, even heroin, and took to the road for stoned-out trips to Grateful Dead concerts.

But parties, no matter how spirited, always come to an end, and by 1992, Mann had quit both drugs and Patrick and plunged into her studies in anthropology at a college in Santa Rosa, Calif. Mann says it was during this sober period that, as one last favor to her old sweetheart, she made a mistake she will forever regret. She mailed Patrick 30 sheets of LSD that she had bought from a local dealer. "I know people think, 'Here's this middle-class white girl who had everything going for her, and she screwed it up. But I was 21. I was a kid, and I made a poor choice.'"

Today Mann, 28, is an inmate serving 10 years at Alderson



Mann did a favor for her boyfriend and wound up with 10 years in prison

Federal Prison Camp, a minimum-security facility tucked away in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountains in West Virginia. Her story is common among the institution's nearly 800 women prisoners. "It's fairly simple," says Richard Russell, executive assistant at Alderson. "A lot of women here got sucked in with a boyfriend involved in drugs." More than 70% of the inmates at Alderson are, like Mann, first-time offenders convicted of non-violent, drug-related crimes serving sentences ranging, in most cases, from 12 months to 14 years.

In the ruckus over mandatory-minimum-sentencing laws, the sharp impact on first-time women offenders is stirring considerable debate. Since 1980 the number of women in state and federal prisons has tripled, to 78,000, according to the Bureau of Justice Statistics. A major reason is that women, generally small players in drug trafficking, don't possess enough information

for it for the rest of their lives," says state representative Barbara Dobb, the Republican who began a reform effort. In August, G.O.P. Governor John Engler signed a law allowing 650 lifers to be paroled after 15 years.

**■ UTAH** In March 1995, Republican senate president Lane Beattie, concerned about the excesses of mandatory minimums, introduced a bill to eliminate them in certain cases. Worried about the political fallout, he did so near midnight on the last day of the legislative session. The bill passed quietly, without debate, but victims' groups noticed. Though a public outcry followed,

the G.O.P. Governor said he agreed with the bill and refused to veto it.

**■ GEORGIA** In the final minutes of the 1996 legislative session, state lawmakers nixed mandatory life sentences for second-time drug offenders. State statistics showed that four-fifths of those serving life had hawked less than \$50 in narcotics. Even state prosecutors backed the change.

**■ NEW YORK** John Dunne, a former Republican legislator who helped devise the Rockefeller Drug Laws, the mandatory sentencing legislation promulgated in the 1970s by Governor Nelson Rockefeller, is lobbying to end them. "This was a good idea 25 years ago, but the sad experience is that it has not had an effect," says Dunne, who also served in the Bush

Administration. "Behind closed doors, virtually everyone will say these drug laws are not working, but they cannot say that publicly."

Certainly no one in Washington is saying it publicly. The House Judiciary Committee didn't even hold hearings on the bill that created the current minimums, which coasted to victory just in time for the 1986 midterm elections. Congress and the President last year added a new mandatory minimum to the books: five years for 5 g of crystal meth, the crack of the '90s. Mandatory minimums remain political beasts, and it would probably take Nixon-goes-to-China leadership from a Republican to turn public opinion against them. Either that or more Jean Valjeans serving 10-year sentences for stealing steaks.

*With reporting by Andrew Goldstein and Elaine Rivera/New York, Viveca Novak and Elaine Shannon/Washington, Kermit Pattison/St. Paul and James Willwerth/Los Angeles*

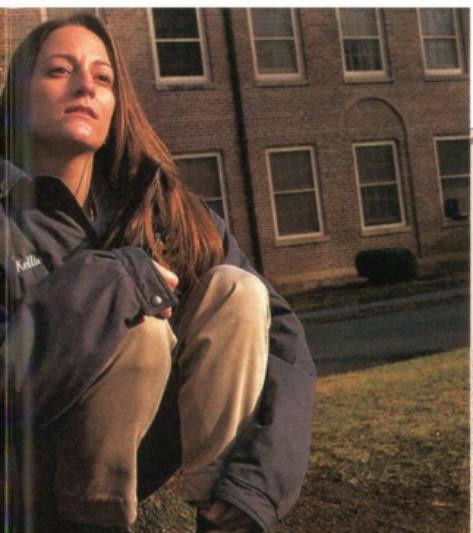


PHOTO BY MICHAEL S. GOODMAN FOR TIME

tion about the operation to plea-bargain sentence reductions. In many cases they simply refuse to snitch on loved ones and family members or to cooperate by wearing wiretaps or going undercover.

The result is that women drug offenders often wind up with a longer prison sentence than the drug-dealing men they're involved with. In Mann's case, former boyfriend Patrick provided details on various suspected drug dealers and walked free after serving 34 months. (Patrick could not be reached for comment.) "It's unfortunate, but most times women just don't know enough to be helpful and trade information," says Mark Mauer, assistant director of the U.S. Sentencing Project. Monica Pratt, a spokeswoman for the Families Against Mandatory Minimums Foundation, puts it this way: "It's America's dirty secret that in so many drug cases the least culpable gets left holding the bag."

To be sure, it's tough to find a criminal—or an advocate for one—who believes his or her punishment fits the crime. And the rippling social consequences of selling drugs in large quantities are so enormous, in both human and monetary terms, that dealers shouldn't go unpunished. But in case after case at Alderson, women appear to have been scapegoats and gofers in the operation rather than the kingpins the law was created to nab. "Nobody should get off scot-free for selling drugs," says Kathy Nelson, 36, a first-time offender and mother of two children, who is serving 10 years at Alderson for helping her husband distribute cocaine and marijuana. "I'm just saying when they're putting up women's prisons faster than Wal-Marts, then we've got a problem."

Before the mandatory-minimum-sentencing laws, judges could use their discretion in considering all the mitigating circumstances of a case. Now, though, first-time offenders like Joanne Tucker, 47, have little chance of getting a break in court. Tucker's troubles began back in 1987, when she was working as a customer-service representative for an insurance agency in Atlanta and her husband Gary opened a garden store selling hydroponic gear for growing plants indoors without soil. Tucker claims she was never involved in the business except for some occasional bookkeeping. That didn't matter to DEA agents. Suspecting that customers were growing cannabis with merchandise purchased at the store, they began trailing the customers home and raiding their houses. Many of those charged with manufacturing marijuana reduced their sentences by testifying that both Joanne and Gary gave them advice on how to grow the drug.

As she sits wearing her khaki prison uniform, Joanne, serving a 10-year sentence along with Gary for conspiracy to manufacture marijuana, insists that she committed no crime and was unaware of any illegal activities. "I don't feel guilty or ashamed about being here because I didn't do anything wrong," she claims. "If Gary knew anything, he never told me about it." Then, bitterly, she adds, "When you're the wife, you're always the last to know." ■

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## When Fido Gets Phobic

With everything from drugs to day care, neurotic pooches can now get in touch with their inner dog

By HARRIET BAROVICK

**F**OUR-YEAR-OLD HARRY (NOT HIS REAL name) grew up with all the privileges one might expect from doting, dual-income parents in Los Angeles: great toys, a spacious apartment, lots of attention. But at a very early age he suffered from separation anxiety. When he was particularly distressed, often about loud noises, he would run around, hide in closets and sometimes even jump out the window of the family's ground-floor apartment. His loved ones knew Harry needed therapy and consulted several experts before finally finding one they liked. Now, after a steady regimen of behavior modification and drug therapy, Harry no longer alarms his family by leaping out windows. Even better, he has lost his compulsion to bite strangers.

Harry, by the way, is a German shepherd, and his owners' devotion is hardly unique. Dog lovers are pampering their pets more than ever, with everything from Gucci-designed luxury beds to doggy room service at fancy hotels (at the Four Seasons in Chicago, dog owners can order the Tail Wagger, a braised-beef-and-rice special,

for their canine traveling companions). But the latest twist in the \$21 billion pet-care industry is an expanding range of alternative treatments and drugs aimed at Fido's psychological well-being. Dogs are learning to get along with their fellow Schnauzers and Pinschers at doggy day-care centers, having their troubles massaged away at spas, getting acupuncture to alleviate behavior problems, and taking herbal medicines like St. John's Wort to lift their mood. Last month the Food and Drug Administration approved the first two drugs designed and marketed specifically to treat dogs with behavioral problems.

The trend is being propelled largely by baby boomers who delayed having children, or have decided not to have children at all, and seem to treat their dogs as surrogate kids. "Dogs are eager and social,"

### WOOF Coming out of their shell at the New York Dog Spa & Hotel

explains Laurie Weaver, proprietor of a dog day-care center in Kirkland, Wash., "and raising one is a lot easier than raising a child."

Dog psychotherapy isn't quite as weird as it sounds. "The dog doesn't get on the couch once," says Dr. Nicholas Dodman, head of the animal-behavior program at Tufts University Veterinary Center. After a medical cause of the problem has been ruled out, behavioral conditioning is the first step. It typically involves rewarding the dog for positive behavior and helping the owners adjust their own habits. Many trainers have abandoned militaristic obedience training in favor of more humane, positive techniques. In 1993 the American Veterinary Medical Association recognized animal behavior as its own board-certified specialty; now most vet schools offer courses in the subject.

Drugs for humans, such as Elavil and Prozac—which have been used for years on dogs—can help treat obsessive or destructive behavior, like constant barking, chasing one's tail or aggression. But they are considered a last resort. Clomicalm, one of the FDA-approved drugs, is designed to treat separation anxiety, which has been known to prompt biting and even clawing through walls. All this is more than just self-indulgence by overprotective owners. Most of the more than 2.5 million dogs put to sleep in the U.S. every year are euthanized because of behavioral problems, according to veterinary experts. So treating the disorder can literally be a matter of a pet's life or death.

Barney, a Rottweiler-shepherd mix in North Hills, Calif., was labeled a "fear biter," and his owners were told by their vet that the best course of action was to put the dog down. Desperate, they turned to veterinarian Nancy Scanlan, who has been practicing holistic medicine for animals since 1988. She inserted eight needles between the dog's neck and hips in an effort to relax Barney's tight muscles. Barney, who Scanlan says is "coming out of his shell," has ceased to snap at home. Flower-essence thera-



### In the Doghouse

Do you think dogs have good and bad moods like humans?

**YES** 87% **NO** 11%

Does your dog get in a bad mood when you

Don't give it attention? 68%

Leave the house? 52%

Don't walk it? 46%

Are late with dinner? 37%

Don't let it sleep on bed? 30%

From a telephone poll of 423 dog owners taken for TIME/ON in Jan. 20-21 by Yorkerbach Partners, Inc. Margin of error is ±4.7%. "Not sure" omitted.

py—the use of, say, holly or five flower to treat a variety of ailments, including rage and earthquake trauma—is also increasingly popular, accounting for half of all sales at Pets Naturally, a health-food shop in Los Angeles. Massage therapy is being used to treat equilibrium problems. Michael Holloway, owner of Pet Massage Rehabilitation Services in Boca Raton, Fla., says his business, which treats pets for physical and mental problems, has grown sevenfold in the past two years. "Bodywork can allow them to be less contact phobic," he says.

For lonely pups, day-care centers provide companionship and hone the all-important social skills needed to play nicely—with humans and other canines. "She loves this place," says Michelle Bouchard, a New York City theater producer who regularly brings her dog to the day-care facility at the New York Dog Spa & Hotel in Manhattan—a growing business, with services ranging from pedicures to massage. "The irony is I got the dog so that my only child wouldn't be lonely. But now the dog's lonely when Alex goes to school."

Some of these pooch facilities can get pretty doggone grand. When Robin Schwartz, a program executive for NBC, decided to board her golden retriever at the Paradise Ranch Country Club for Dogs in Sun Valley, Calif., she had to reserve a space two months in advance—and then bring in the pooh for an interview. At the end of his stay, Schwartz's dog received a "report card" detailing his social acumen. (He scored high marks.) "We basically wanted a house-like place for him to stay while we were away for two weeks," says a slightly sheepish Schwartz. "But I swear, I really do know he's a dog."

Other owners may not be so realistic. Says Bonnie Beaver, a behavior specialist for 25 years and chief of medicine at Texas A & M's veterinary school: "I'll have people say, 'See, he soiled the couch to spite me! He knows he's guilty!' Or they'll try to reason intellectually with the dog. Often it's a medical problem. [Or] the dog may have peed in the house for as simple a reason as was too cold to go when he went out."

Of course, all this pooch pampering has benefits for humans too. New York Dog Spa & Hotel co-owner Dale Van Pamelen says at the request of his customers, he's about to institute Fridays as singles' nights. Other upcoming events include a birthday party for Rocco (a pit bull-shepherd mix) and a wedding for Jorge and Kathleen (two humans). "It may go to extremes as with anything else," says Weaver, the Kirkland day-care proprietor. "But overall it's pretty great for everyone."

With reporting by Jacqueline Savaiano/Los Angeles and Andrea Sachs/New York

## VIEWPOINT

Farai Chideya

# Shades of the Future

Will race provide the midcentury crisis?

**T**HE MILLENNIUM IS ALMOST UPON US. IN FACT, IT'S BEEN ALMOST UPON US for so long that it will be a relief when it arrives. But there's another date in America's future that may hold far more significance. The U.S. Census Bureau predicts that by the middle of the next century, race in America will be turned upside down. In 2050 whites will be a minority, and present-day minorities will be in the majority.

One group of Americans already exemplifies that future. The Millennium Generation, today's 15-to-25-year-olds, is the most racially mixed generation this country has ever seen. Its members are 60% more likely to be nonwhite than those of their parents' and grandparents' generations, and an increasing number are racially mixed. A third are black, Latino, Asian or Native American. And the two-thirds who are white have grown up with more exposure to people of other races, through school, sports, dating and the media.

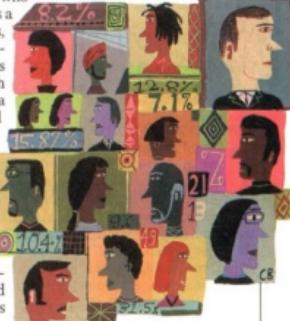
That's not to say that this generation is living in some sort of racial Utopia. Diversity simply refers to a racial mix, not whether the people in that mix get along. For my new book *The Color of Our Future*, I traveled around the country and found a generation that is increasingly aware of diversity but equally likely to be confused by it or afraid of it.

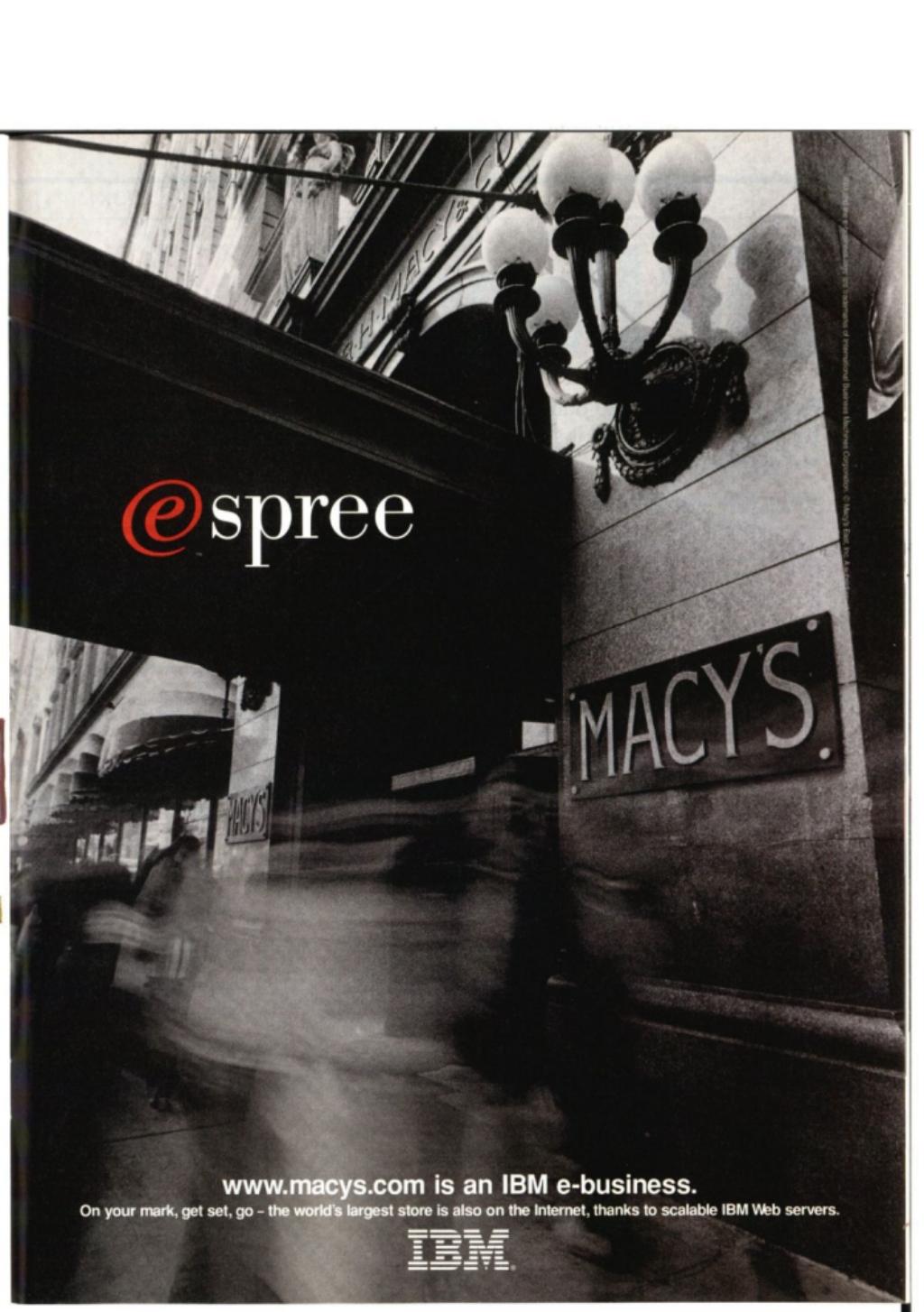
I met Justin, a white high school senior, who confessed that he sometimes felt uncomfortable around members of his own race, since he had grown up in an Oakland, Calif., neighborhood that is almost all black, Latino and Asian. His classmates Sandra and Diana were smart, studious Latinas who'd lived most or all of their lives in the U.S. Sandra went on to Berkeley, but Diana, with no green card and no money, couldn't attend college. I spoke with Steve, who had felt the sting of anti-Iranian racism, but as a recruiter for the Berkeley College Republicans, he nonetheless worked frats in which "minorities are not welcome." Jaime, who's white, was called a "nigger-loving whore" for walking with her black boyfriend in Georgia. But Nicole, a Los Angeles teen whose father is black and mother is white, felt she and her friends had progressed far beyond those divisions. "I think this generation has definitely made America a different America," she says. "It's Asian; it's Latino; it's everything."

Today, cities like Los Angeles, New York and Houston are already "majority minority." But some states, like South Dakota, are still more than 90% white. One thing bears remembering: every day America's heartland looks more and more like New York and Los Angeles, not the other way around.

We have some hard decisions to make in the next few decades. America has a track record of turning against minorities in tough economic times. By the year 2050, whites will be a demographic minority but not a political or economic one. If we don't open up opportunities equally to all Americans, we could see a rising level of resentment among the nonwhite majority. Americans love to fight. The question is whether we will fight one another for parts of the economic pie or fight together to raise the standard of living and opportunity for all Americans.

Finally, we have to realize that we are responsible for teaching the next generation about race. The young Americans I met who were racist had parents who taught them to be so; those who were open to the changes this country faces were taught to be that way as well. Racial progress should be a part of the American Dream, the dream that we can live our lives better than our parents lived theirs. Fortunately, and unfortunately, it's entirely up to us.





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# Big Poppa's Bubb

Boys who can sing and dance and look supercute! It's an old formula, and it still drives girls crazy—just ask Svengali Louis ("Big Poppa") Pearlman

By BRUCE HANDY and TIMOTHY ROCHE

**A**DVICE FOR THE MODERN TEEN idol: there's more to it than just cashing royalty checks and auto-graphing training bras. There are difficult issues that must be faced. For instance, some toy company may want to measure your face so that it can manufacture dolls with your likeness. You could make a lot of money selling them to your youngest fans, but then your older fans—the 12- and 13-year-olds—would think you're babyish and move on to Hanson. And then there's all the choreography you have to remember while you're trying to look as yummy as possible. And the whole goattee-or-non-goatee dilemma. And the fact that your manager keeps insisting you enter your hotels through the front door to keep the fans at the police barricades happy. It's a

hard row to hoe for the turn-of-the-century dreamboat.

Still, these are fat times for bubble gum and its makers. Backstreet Boys, a quintet of clean—but not *too* clean—cute guys with great dimples and abs, was nominated for a Grammy as Best New Artist this year and has so far grossed more than \$900 million in record, video and merchandise sales. Last year the group's eponymous debut album was the nation's third best-selling record, followed closely by its chief rival 'N Sync, another quintet of clean—but not *too* clean-cut guys with great dimples and abs whose eponymous debut was the year's fifth best seller. Both records, with their similar mixes of pop dance music spiked with just a touch of hip-hop edge, are still holding strong in the Top 40, as is 'N Sync's Christmas album.

In January.

"Everybody is copying now," grumbles Maurice Starr, who put together the pre-eminent '80s boy groups, New Edition and New Kids on the Block. He is preparing to launch two new groups later this year. Quintets and quartets of young European hotties are also circling the American market. The Backstreet and 'N Sync numbers are like prepubescent chum.

"I don't think this thing has peaked yet," says Tom Calderone, senior vice president of music at MTV. The network was originally loath to air Backstreet Boys and 'N Sync videos, until viewer demand overcame the reflexive hipster's prejudice against groups whose faces appear on school binders with little hearts drawn around them by hand. Backstreet Boys and 'N Sync are currently MTV's most requested artists. "Whether it's cool or not," concedes Calderone, "it's what the viewers want."

If, to untrained eyes and ears, the two groups

## THE NEWEST KIDS ON THE BLOCK

Pearlman, below, and his teen-idol training center in Orlando have been cranking out hitmakers. Backstreet Boys and 'N Sync had two of '98's hottest-selling albums. C-Note, with a new Latin approach to bubble gum, may be one of '99's big acts



**BACKSTREET  
BOYS**



# le Gum Machine

are virtually indistinguishable, there are a pair of good reasons for this. First, the time-tested formulas for making music for young girls to swoon to still work. They date all the way back through New Kids, the Jackson Five and the Monkees that the Beatles, who in their earliest, cuddliest incarnation were the progenitors of this sort of thing—if you don't count Frank Sinatra or Franz Liszt or probably some medieval troubadour no one remembers.

And second, both Backstreet Boys and 'N Sync are the brainchildren of the same man: Louis J. Pearlman, a florid 44-year-old entrepreneur based in Orlando, Fla., whose countenance suggests Ken Starr crossed with the late Chris Farley. Pearlman's ambition for his Trans Continental Entertainment and related companies is nothing less than to create a new Motown. O-Town, for Orlando, is the name he has given his sprawling \$6 million recording studio that doubles as a boot camp for would-be stars. Here the crushes of tomorrow are groomed by teams of choreographers, vocal coaches, personal trainers, marketers, stylists and p.r. experts. Pearlman's stable includes a young girl group and three more up-and-coming boy

groups, including C-Note, a quartet of three cute Hispanic guys and one cute blond guy, from whom many in the music industry are expecting big things when their first Latin-inflected CD is released this spring.

On a recent afternoon at the O-Town complex, C-Note is huddled inside a sound room harmonizing with a vocal coach, while down the hall, Take Five, a younger-than-'N Sync quintet for pre-teenet fans, is practicing footwork with a choreographer. Pearlman comes in to take a look, and the kids stop to give him hugs and shake his hand. "What's up, Big Poppa?" one of them asks (they actually call him that). "Did you get a haircut, man?" "You look like Tom Cruise," jokes another. Big Poppa beams.

At present, there are 24 young musicians signed to the studio, most found through ads in the trades or auditions; many are from the Orlando area, where performers now flock because of the increasing film and television production at Disney and Universal, as well as all the singing and dancing jobs at theme-park shows. The O-Town kids are paid \$500 to \$1,000 a week until their groups take off and they start making real

money. Or not. A reporter

jokes that if things don't work out, the boys can always go to work for the Chippendales chain, which Pearlman owns. "Or make pizza," Big Poppa adds. He owns a pizza restaurant too. Meantime, he tries to keep his young charges from the well-known temptations, drugs and whatnot, that come with the music business. "Big Poppa's watching," he says. Like a rich uncle, Big Poppa has been known to throw elaborate pool parties or fly group members and their parents to New York City for dinner.

Assembling the right group is a delicate business; as with any ritualized art form, from Kabuki to slasher films, one must follow rules but with a whiff of originality. Pearlman and his staff look at everything—the proportionate size of group members, their height, their weight, their hair color, their personalities onstage and off. Who will be the prankster, like 'N Sync's Chris Patrick? Who will be the lead sex symbol, like Backstreet's Nick Carter? Who can make a credible dan-





WHERE THE BOYS ARE MADE: At O-Town boot camp, members of Take Five take a break from dance class with choreographer Tyjuan, on stool

gerous guy, the one who dresses more "urban" and maybe even has tattoos?

Pearlman, who grew up in Queens, N.Y., first made his mark on the world by building Trans Continental Airlines, which leases jets to such celebrities as Michael Jackson and Madonna. In the early '90s, when New Kids rented one of his planes, Pearlman was surprised that a kiddie pop group could afford it. When his cousin Art Garfunkel explained that an act like New Kids could bring in hundreds of millions of dollars, the seeds of Trans Continental Entertainment were planted.

**O**VER THE COURSE OF SEVEN months in 1993, Pearlman found the five members of Backstreet Boys through a series of auditions, chance meetings and familial connections (Kevin Richardson, the boy-next-door one, and Brian Littrell, the older GQ-y one, are cousins). All told, Pearlman pumped \$1 million into the group and \$2 million more into an entertainment-company infrastructure to support its members before they signed with Jive Records. At the time, alternative rock was still big. The New Kids were played out, and industry wisdom was that bubble gum was over. But all things must return as well as pass.

"For a while there, kids wanted to be older than they were," says David Zedeck,

owner of Renaissance Entertainment in New York City, which books concert tours for both Backstreet Boys and 'N Sync. "Now," he says, "kids want to be kids again. It's the effect of Disney and Nickelodeon on the music industry."

But here's the sad part of the story: when Backstreet Boys were starting to break, Pearlman, sensing an even vaster market, formed 'N Sync. Hurt by the sudden competition, Backstreet Boys sued Pearlman as well as their personal managers (who are allied with but independent of Trans Continental). Happily, the group settled out of court with Brian Poppa, and members still graciously refer to him in interviews as "the sixth Backstreet Boy."

In terms of differentiation, to one critic's eyes Backstreet is the marginally raunchier group, although this is somewhat like insisting that Homepride Butttertop is a racier bread than Wonder. In each group's stage shows, nothing more untoward is going on than the obligatory bared torsos and an occasional semi-risqué hip movement. Even Elvis Presley in his prime 4½ decades ago was lewd. The song titles are self-explanatory. *I Just Wanna Be with You*, *I Need Love*, *I'll Never Break Your Heart*. Once in a while a kid may sing that he wants to be "your lover," but it's all within the realm of *I Want to Hold Your Hand*. As

always, the groups are selling themselves as training boyfriends—sexy, crushable, but no Usher, say, who might use a swear word now and then or want to go too far too fast, if you catch our drift.

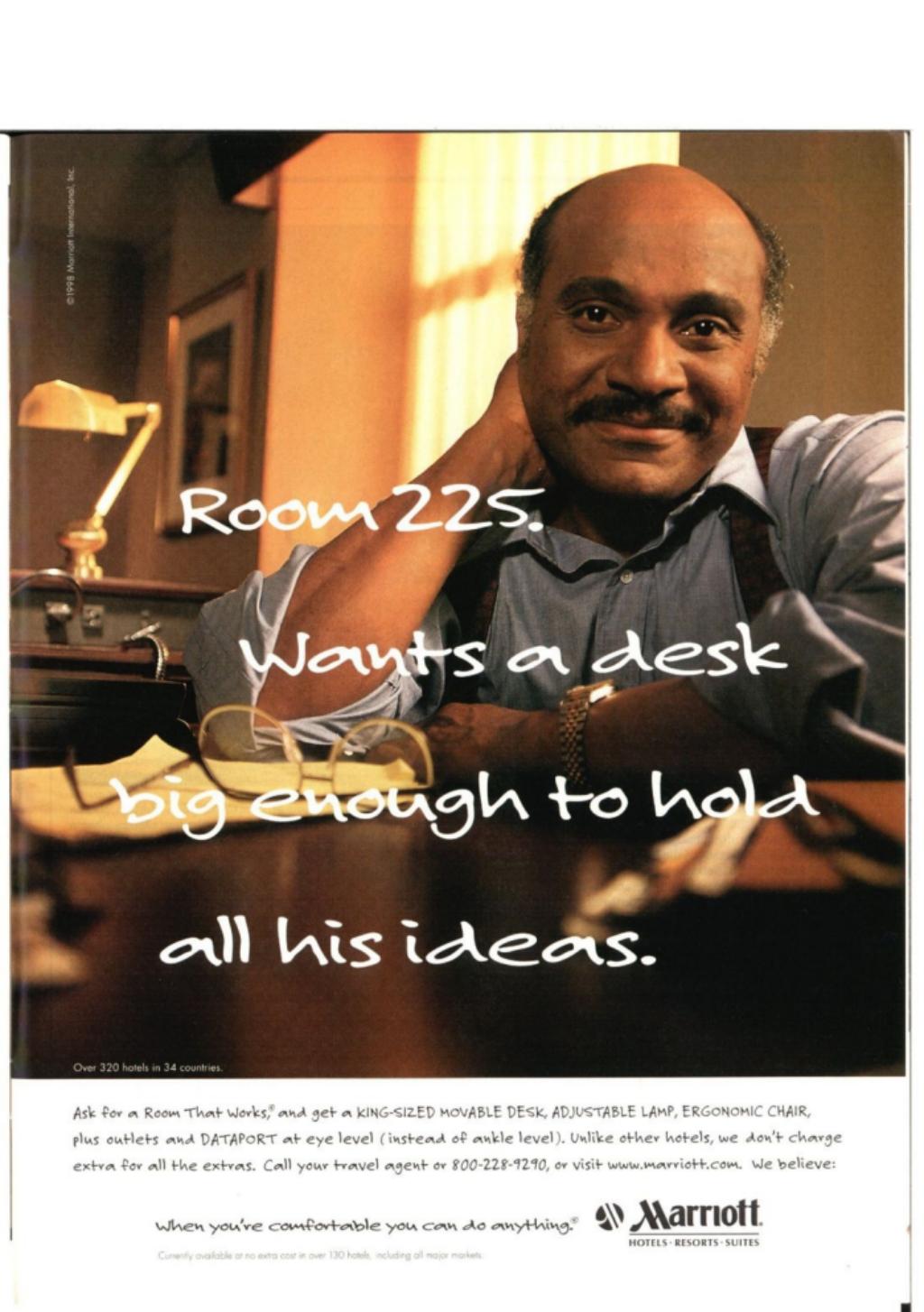
Oh, yes. The music. In interviews, Backstreet and 'N Sync members stress the centrality of "their" music. As Pearlman says, "You have to be able to sing first or it doesn't matter how good-looking you are." The two groups share some of the same songwriters and producers, and both acts owe their most immediate debt to the somewhat more sophisticated R-and-B harmonizing of Boyz II Men. The hits are catchy, even compelling, but it's hard, once a girl has grown breasts, to make it through a whole album's worth; then again, to be fair, the same was true of the Jackson Five, the greatest bubble-gum group in history.

Marketing to pubescent girls has its peculiarities. Selling merchandise on the Internet isn't nearly as lucrative as it is for other performers, since most of the boy-group fan base doesn't have credit cards. And given that it might take fans longer than their older sisters and brothers to scrape together the price of a ticket, the groups have to space their playdates carefully before returning to the same city. Nevertheless, since a big part of the game is maintaining an aura of intimacy with the fans, the boys have grueling concert schedules studious with state fairs and in-store appearances—'N Sync did more than 140 dates last year, a far more frantic pace than most multiplatinum artists would put up with. Then again, the need isn't quite so urgent for most acts to let's not put too fine a point on it—milk their popularity.

"Radio gets tired of the screaming girls and the calls coming in for requests. These groups don't last forever," says Donna Wright, who used to co-manage Backstreet Boys, is still in litigation with them and thus has an axe to grind. Backstreet Boys sued Wright in part because they wanted somebody else to take them to the next level. "There is no next level," Wright replies. "This is as big as you get." Pearlman figures on a three-to-five-year life-span for his bands. "The new fan base, the younger sisters, may or may not be into you," he says. "They may be into the next group." Which may or may not be another Trans Continental group.

The boys see things differently. "We won't be a one-hit wonder," says Joshua Scott Chasez—J.C. of 'N Sync. He's supposed to be the brooding one, yet adds, "I have faith." And who knows? Michael Jackson did O.K. for himself. But does anyone remember who the sensitive Bay City Roller was? ■

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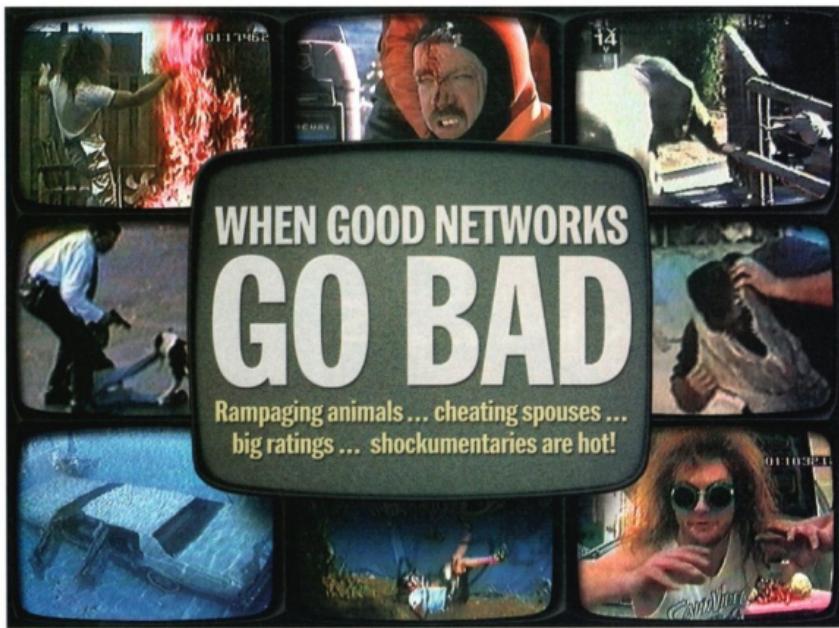
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# WHEN GOOD NETWORKS GO BAD

Rampaging animals ... cheating spouses ...  
big ratings ... shockumentaries are hot!

By JOEL STEIN and JEANNE McDOWELL

IT'S ODDLY COMPELLING TO WATCH network television die. Executives whine about straying advertisers, overbid on sports and berate the Nielsens. Best of all, they're willing to air just about anything. You've got footage of a family caught on top of a rampaging circus elephant? A man urinating in the office coffee pot? Twentysomethings shooting milk out of their tear ducts for distance? The nets can probably squeeze any of that in the slot between *DiResta* and *Malcolm & Eddie*. Cable used to be the frat basement of television, full of "Skinemax" and foul-mouthed comics, but now you turn to the double digits for CNN, Bravo or American Movie Classics. The cheap thrills are invading network television, under headings like *When Good Pets Go Bad*, *World's Scariest Police Chases* and, thanks to a rare kind of genius, the upcoming *Cheating Spouses: Caught on Tape*. Everyone else can just throw away those MacArthur grant applications now; the *Cheating Spouses* guy gets it.

Beginning next week, which by chance kicks off sweeps month, the networks will run a record number of these so-called shockumentaries. It's not just Fox, which has ruled the genre, but also ABC, NBC, UPN and even PBS (*Nova* has a four-parter called *Escape! Because Accidents Happen*). Most of these shows (except the *Nova* series) come from four Los Angeles producers: Bruce Nash, Erik Nelson, Brad Lachman and Eric Schotz. They carry out the networks' belief that the only TV young men will watch is extremely violent events shown two or three times in slow motion. When Jerry Springer's "Mom, Will You Marry Me?" begins to bore, and viewers get antsy during the expository, nonpixelated portions of *Cops*, these guys can deliver that male audience advertisers are desperate to reach.

Nash is one of the most prolific of the producers, having poured out 30 specials in the past five years, as well as the upcoming Fox show *Cheating Spouses* and ABC's *World's Deadliest Storms Caught on Tape* (which will air on Feb. 18, before the final part of the Stephen King mini-series

*Storm of the Century*). In addition, Nash—who is also developing sitcoms—has a whole new series, *World's Most Amazing Videos* (previously promoted as *World's Scariest Videos*), premiering on NBC on March 3. It's kind of like *World's Funniest Videos*, with the keen distinction that on the new series, men don't get hit in the crotch on purpose.

Sitting in his office in Los Angeles, Nash, 51, and his three producers, including his daughter Robyn, 30, view extraordinarily violent and vulgar tapes. (Against all odds, shockumentaries can bring families together.) In one particularly gripping tape, a Brazilian crowd flees a fireworks display gone haywire. "That's amazing," Nash says. "Do we know if anyone got hurt?" NBC, like Fox, the network Nash usually works with, is squeamish about showing major injuries. The Brazilian scene is accepted, not only because it passes the no-maiming criterion but also because it—as Nash explains it—"tells a story." A tape of a fight between fraternity boys and locals at a football game fails because it's "nothing more than random violence. It has no

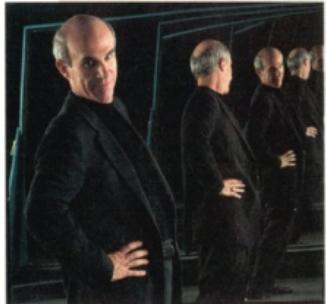
redeeming value." In hell, apparently, there are 200 different words for hot.

Nash argues (and has an award from the L.A.-based William Parker Police Foundation to prove it) that his shows consist of tiny, 1½-min. morality plays—*Cops* redrawn for those who just don't have the attention span. But even he sometimes apologizes for his art form: "It's certainly not what I want to be my legacy, but there's an audience out there. Is it my proudest achievement? No." Perhaps it's *Breaking the Magician's Code*, which was the highest-rated special in Fox history.

But Nash is right about the audience. This past November, the last time Fox ran four weeks of shockumentaries against NBC's Thursday-night lineup, it beat the peacock network in males 18 to 49 and adults 18 to 34. John Miller, NBC's executive vice president of advertising, promotion and event programming, admits that he went to Nash after losing those nights. "The Fox specials are edgier than what we're going to do, but they did very well going up against our Thursday nights," he says. Moreover, an hour of shocks costs only \$500,000, about a third of what it costs to make the average drama. Producers pay relatively small amounts for tapes from local TV-news stations, foreign news services, surveillance-camera outfits, police departments, private investigators and, of course, people with videocameras and a stomach for violence. Then they spice them up with sound effects and voice-overs ("Frieda had a rap sheet a mile long," an animal expert says of a marauding circus elephant).

While Nash has mastered the cinema verité of violence—kids being torn into by pit bulls, head-to-head collisions of tractor trailers, elephant-on-elephant violence—Nelson's company, Termite Art Productions, has focused on grossing people out (though it also makes programs for PBS). His *Busted on the Job* specials highlight food employees hocking loogies into tacos and an über-Dilbertian secretary defecating on her boss's chair. Nelson's new *Busted Everywhere* for Fox is more of the same. He doesn't go along with Nash's excuses about storytelling or moralizing. "We thought it was funny footage of employees acting stupid," he says. "I like to think of *Busted* as tapping into the mojo of *There's Something About Mary*. That same sort of brilliant stupidity." It more successfully taps into the mojo of *You'll Never Eat Out Again*.

## The Shock Kings



### Bruce Nash

**HIS MOST FAMOUS SHOW** *When Good Pets Go Bad*, in which pit bulls tear apart kids and old women

**HIS TRADEMARK** Sickeningly violent "morality plays" that end with the pit bull dead and the victim hospitalized

**HIS UPCOMING PROJECTS** *Cheating Spouses: Caught on Tape* (Fox), *World's Most Amazing Videos* (NBC)



### Erik Nelson

**HIS MOST FAMOUS SHOW** *Busted on the Job*, featuring food handlers who touch themselves, then your food

**HIS TRADEMARK** Grossness, gleaned from surveillance cameras and narrated by an offended expert

**HIS UPCOMING PROJECTS** *RedHanded* (UPN), *Busted Everywhere* (Fox)

But when talking about his new practical-joke show, UPN's *RedHanded*, Nelson, 43, gets as didactic as Nash. "We're creating a morality play. But the person isn't aware it's a morality play," he explains. "It's *Candid Camera* meets *Seinfeld* meets *The Truman Show*." Meets something really, really stupid.

Schotz, the 41-year-old CEO of LMNO (Leave My Name Off Productions), corners the freak-show stuff, concocting faster-paced versions of *That's Incredible!* His Fox series *Guinness World Records: Primetime* features oddities like worm-eating contests and the world's largest tumor, and his upcoming Fox special *World's Most Shocking Medical Videos* has footage of a woman's nose being regrown on her forehead. Schotz also makes the more wholesome *Kids Say the Darndest Things* and *Behind Closed Doors with Joan Lunden*. Lachman, who not long ago was known for creating *Solid Gold* and for winning an Emmy for his coverage of Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, is now branded with credits like Fox's *When Animals Attack* and its upcoming *The World's Most Shocking Moments 2: Caught on Tape*.

Despite the contributions of these four pioneers, the shockumentary genre is really the child of Mike Darnell, the Fox vice president of specials and alternative programming, who saved the network when it was drowning in failed sitcoms. In 1995, Darnell slotted *Alien Autopsy: Fact or Fiction?*, after which there was no turning back to *Herman's Head*. The next year, after seeing Nelson's *World's Most Dangerous Animals*, he persuaded Lachman to turn out the edgier *When Animals Attack* for sweeps. Now Darnell comes up with 75% of the ideas for Fox's reality specials, grateful that the phrases world's most and caught on tape aren't copyrighted. Thirty-six, 5-ft. tall, with curly, flowing hair, Darnell is unapologetic about his shows. "For years *Dateline* has unabashedly done survivor stories using the exact same footage that we use," he says. "In fact a couple of times they beat me to the punch for footage."

But the Fox exec may have got all he can out of the clip-show format, even though the *Spouses* show does offer a very promising, Springer-esque twist. The genre's leading producers are moving on to the next generation of really ridiculous programming: stunt TV. Nash is bringing back a version of the '50s show *You Asked for It*, only instead of viewers asking to see the vault at Fort Knox, they'll be asked to five-legged pigs and lady sumo wrestlers. Nelson's next project is *Crash Test*, in which producers pick things to blow up. (The first two ideas: exploding 1,000 parking meters and throwing a Corvette off a building.) Meanwhile, Lachman is working on a show in which he'll sink a ship and tape it going down in real time. By then, with luck, we'll all be watching cable. ■

# An Indie Go Girl

Two very different films could turn Sarah Polley into the new queen of Sundance

By JEFFREY RESSNER LOS ANGELES

**S**KI PARKA-CLAD STUDIO EXECS queuing up to get into a movie theater. Novice directors being slavishly courted by slick Hollywood agents. Must be time for the Sundance Film Festival in Park City, Utah, Robert Redford's annual conclave—and open market—of independent cinema. Aside from the high-priced bidding wars over low-budget movies, a favorite festival ritual is the emergence of a relatively unknown actress as a genuine starlet, complete with fawning fans, attitude-heavy handlers and enough buzz to short-circuit her StarTAC.

The Sundance "It Girl" phenomenon started back in 1989 with *sex, lies, and videotape*'s Andie MacDowell, a model whose only previous major role had been as Jane in *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan*. Feisty Parker Posey had been banging around no-budget films for years until the 1997 festival hits *Party Girl* and *The House of Yes* gave her enough cachet to play Tom Hanks' girlfriend in *You've Got Mail*. And Christina Ricci, a former child actress best known as the *Addams Family*'s creepy daughter Wednesday, broke into the big time last year with tarty, career-shaking turns in *Buffalo '66* and *The Opposite of Sex*.

The 10-day festival officially began last Thursday, but it isn't too late to handicap this year's potential contenders for Indie Goddess. You can probably cross porn star Annabel Chong off the list, even though a documentary about her, um, orgasmic talents sold out faster than almost every other Sundance screening. Former brat packer Ally Sheedy, who resurfaced after a decade of TV movies with her acclaimed performance in last year's *High Art*, has a chance with two new films, the dysfunctional-family weepie *The Autumn Heart* and the music-industry romp *Sugar Town*. But



TRACY BENNETT: COLUMBIA/ATLANTIC



WILLIAM KREMER/NETFLIX

your best bet might be Sarah Polley, a 20-year-old Canadian actress who stars in the way-cool teen comedy *Go* and in *Guinevere*, a serious coming-of-age story about a May-September romance.

Actresses with a wide range like Polley's thrive at Sundance because many movies there take risks with compelling, quirky characters. Where Hollywood favors vapid females whose greatest apotheosis is a kiss, indies prefer complex women who can also kick butt. "Independent films almost have a province when it comes to portraying strong women," says festival programming chief Geoffrey Gilmore. "They're not just the archetypal roles of the girlfriend, the wife or even the women who get together to cry. Actresses get to play the kind of fully fleshed-out characters who just aren't in most studio scripts."

Polley first attracted attention back in 1996 for her performance as the crippled but precociously wise survivor of a school-bus crash in Atom Egoyan's *The Sweet Hereafter*. Her current roles couldn't be more different. In *Guinevere* she must hold her own as a love interest opposite the formidable Irish actor Stephen Rea. In *Go* she is a young supermarket cashier who gets caught up in a drug deal gone awry. The part called for a sweet but tough chick who could take her lumps. Director Doug Liman (*Swingers*) had originally courted Ricci, but scheduling conflicts arose. Polley,

## GO

**She plays a quick-witted supermarket cashier who gets involved in a bad drug deal in this comedy noir that opens in the spring**

## GUINEVERE

**Her first romantic role, as a bright young student who falls in love with her mentor, Stephen Rea, is due in theaters in the fall**

who possesses the look and spark of a younger Uma Thurman, has a surprising wild streak that belies her fresh-scrubbed beauty. "She's young, but she's led an incredibly full life," says Liman. "She's been involved in a lot of political protests in Canada—had her teeth kicked in by a cop—and she knows something about the streets. Besides all that, she's an amazing actress."

A performer from the age of four, Polley doesn't take her job lightly. "Acting can be a really shallow thing to do with your life," she says. "You have to choose things that actually have something to say." Should she emerge from the festival as this year's phenom, Polley may prove a reluctant superstar. "I don't want my life to change too much, so maybe I'm going in the wrong direction," she says, laughing. "I never want my privacy or personal life compromised by what I do, so I guess I'm not interested in getting a higher profile." According to those who know her well, she'd rather be organizing nonunion crews on a movie set than blowing air kisses at a splashy premiere. She refuses to move from Toronto to Los Angeles, passes on overtly commercial scripts and nixes interview requests from celebrity-oriented magazines. Well, O.K., she did appear as one of *Vanity Fair*'s upcoming hot Hollywood cover girls—but hey, she refused to wear makeup for the photo shoot. Now that's truly independent. ■

# Puzzles of A Courtier

In 400 years we've lost the key to Dosso Dossi

By ROBERT HUGHES

**T**HE 16TH CENTURY ITALIAN PAINTER Dosso Dossi (1486?-1542) isn't a big name in America, unlike his contemporaries Titian, Raphael and Michelangelo. In fact, the show of his work that has just opened at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City—it was shown late last year in his home city of Ferrara, and will go to the J. Paul Getty Museum in Los Angeles in April—is the first retrospective he has ever had. It comes on the 400th anniversary of the dispersal of most of his work, which was taken from Ferrara by papal edict and split up among various collectors, most of them Roman. His output has never been seen whole since. A team of scholars, headed by curators Peter Humfrey and Mauro Lucco, has done an impressive job of reassembling what remains of it. Dossi emerges from this show as an idiosyncratic, uneven court artist—not remotely an equal to Titian, but stronger and more complex than he'd seemed.

Practically nothing is known of Dosso's life, except for a few dates and contracts. But it was protected: he spent almost all of it working for two rulers of Ferrara, first for Alfonso I d'Este and then, after Alfonso's death in 1534, for his son Ercole II. Dosso was not, of course, painting for a wide public. At the court in Ferrara his audience consisted of the duke and his entourage, including whatever humanists, poets and assorted hangers-on happened to be on the payroll. All courts tend to be self-referential and mannered, and that of Alfonso I d'Este was no exception. The duke was considered fairly eccentric. He had a passion for do-it-yourself projects: in his own workshop he made tables, chessmen and elaborate boxes; he created ambitious ceramics as well, and even artillery.

By those in the court, some of Dosso's images must have been read as comments on the duke's relaxations. *Jupiter, Mercury, and Virtue*, circa 1523-24, is Dosso's praise of painting. He



MELISSA, CIRCA 1515-16



JUPITER, MERCURY, AND VIRTUE, CIRCA 1523-24

translates it to Parnassus, where the god Jupiter sits before a canvas, his administrative thunderbolt laid aside at his feet. Jupiter is painting butterflies—a divine hobbyist. On the right is a figure of Virtue, who has come to complain about the indignities she has had to suffer in the world below. Between them sits Mercury, a finger to his lips, telling her, in effect, to shut up and back off: Jupiter is too busy painting to worry, for the time being, about moral issues.

Dosso's job was hardly simple. A

16th century court painter was expected to turn out anything and everything, from ceremonial portraits to painted coach panels, from large allegorical paintings to banners for tournaments, costumes for masques, sets for the theater (which Alfonso delighted in) and perhaps the occasional crucifix or emblem of chastity for the ducal mistress's bedroom. Dosso had to second-guess the veering tastes of his boss—flatter him, keep him interested. And then there were the courtiers to deal with.

The more educated the patron, the more difficult life could get for the artist. Alfonso's elder sister Isabella, the Marchesa of Mantua, was always cooking up complicated literary programs for potential paintings with the help of her court poet; she would then pass the ideas on to Perugino, one of her court artists, with instructions not to invent anything of his own. Something of this kind may have happened at Alfonso's court, whose star poet was none other than Ludovico Ariosto, author of the enormously successful epic *Orlando Furioso*. Dosso did some paintings that were illustrations of episodes from Ariosto, and is known to have designed sets—long since vanished—for Ariosto's plays.

But the hothouse atmosphere of the Este court shows in Dosso's major works: they tend to be playful, elaborately poetic and almost impossible to connect to the usual literary sources, as though they were suggested by highly sophisticated people dreaming up ever more obscure secular *conceits*. In a word, the paintings are totally mannerist; even today scholars don't agree on what they're actually about. Their oddity is deepened by the fact that Dosso made them up as he went along, adding figures and painting them out as the whim took him, rather than sticking to a preset program of images.

Thus we still don't know, and perhaps never will, what is going on in Dosso's *Allegory with Pan*, circa 1529-32. Maybe the lascivious goat god (if it really is Pan, and not just an ordinary faun) is lustng after the beautiful Titianesque nymph asleep on the ground—who has been variously argued to be Antiope, Pomona, Echo, Canens and Syrinx, among other nymphs with literary pedigrees. But who is the old woman, and what is she doing? If her outstretched palms are protecting the girl, she's fac-  
ing the wrong direction—away from Pan. Who is the woman in the green dress and the gold armor? Virtue? Chastity? What are the bound music manuscripts doing on the ground, and the overturned lapis lazuli pitcher? And why are the lemons on the tree so big and out of scale?

Few Titians ever gave posterity that kind of trouble, but another Venetian painter always has—Giorgione, creator of the lyrical and utterly mysterious *The Tempest*. Dosso's work appealed to tastes fostered by Giorgione. And Giorgione certainly influenced Dosso, particularly in his treatment of landscape. From him Dosso learned how to unify his figures and the details of landscape around them—lush, wild, tinged with



ALLEGORY WITH PAN, CIRCA 1529-32

ominousness—in a comprehensive atmosphere instead of going from one sharp detail to another; and the weather effects of Dosso's paintings—storms, lightning bolts, sunsets, blue distances—are Giorgionesque.

All this comes through at a high pitch of both invention and homage in the centerpiece of the show, Dosso's *Melissa*, circa 1515-16. In Ariosto's epic, *Melissa* was a benign sorceress—a kind of white witch who cast counterspells to rescue Christian knights from the enchantments of the evil Circe. Dosso painted her as a creature of Oriental fantasy in a gold turban and a richly embroidered costume, sitting within a mock-cabalistic circle and holding what seems to be an astrological chart. (Astrology and fortune telling were high on the list of court amusements, and Ferrara was notable for its production of tarot cards.) She is lighting a torch from a brazier, and—a slightly sinister touch—the tree behind her is festooned with little effigies, like voodoo dolls. It's not

hard to imagine what enjoyment this exotic fable of an image would have provoked in a court so given to stylishness for its own sake.

If it contained only paintings like *Melissa*, this would be an uninterrupted, endlessly enjoyable show. But Dosso was a very uneven artist, and the effort to present all his surviving work (other than murals) has dredged up quite a number of, to put it charitably, routine pictures, mainly of dreadful clunkers when sandbagged by a new influence. His series of half-naked "Learned Men," painted for one of the Este houses, is among the most awkward homages to Michelangelo ever painted—posturing coal heavers with strained gestures and goofy expressions. And if you want to see how flabby a Renaissance nude can be, try the suet ladies and the porky Vulcan in *Allegory of Music*. But the magic of Dosso's best paintings was uniquely his, and it makes this show—in part, at least—irresistible, conundrums and all. ■



**"I'd like to thank my mother and my father..."**



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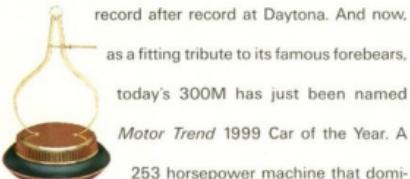
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# CHRYSLER 300M

## SHORT TAKES

### MUSIC

**QUINTESSENCE, VOLUME 1** *The Stan Getz Quartet with Chet Baker* There are those (this critic included) who never really got Chet Baker as a singer. Instead of sounding soulful and vulnerably

awkward, his voice struck some as sounding soulful but off-key, like Mel Torme's crossed with, say, yours. So here's a Chet Baker album for those who don't like Chet Baker, recorded at a 1984 live date in Norway. It's Getz's gig, but Baker shines, singing with an unaccustomed force and levity; on *Just Friends* he scats nimbly too. His trumpet and Getz's tenor sax are also in top form; these relaxed, lyrical players have an obvious rapport. Reportedly, they couldn't stand each other; you'd never know from this little gem of a disc.

—By Bruce Handy

### MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN BRAINWASHED

**TOO NEW Radicals** At the end of New Radicals' current single, *You Get What You Give*, Gregg Alexander takes a swipe at Courtney Love, Beck and Marilyn Manson, singing, "You're all fakes/ Run to your mansions/ Come around/ We'll kick your a— in." Make a statement like that, and you've got to back it up with material better than the music of the acts you've criticized. Well, while this album isn't a creative breakthrough, it does have charm and verve. A number of songs are anthem-like and uplifting, and when Alexander howls the choruses, he seems convinced that what he's doing is powerful and revelatory, and now and again, for a sweet flash, he makes the listener believe it too. One other thing: he is a better performer than Marilyn Manson. —By Christopher John Farley

### CINEMA

**DR. AKAGI** Directed by Shohei Imamura He says he likes to make "messy, really



### AISLE OF STYLE



**PO-MO FOR THE HOME:** Michael Graves, postmodern architect, designer of the Portland Building in Oregon and the Crooks House in Indiana, has a new feather in his cap: availability at Target. The discount chain commissioned the architect to create a line of housewares after working with him on the restoration of the Washington Monument, which it's partly funding. He brought forth such potential budget wedding gifts as a toaster, kitchen utensils, a patio set and an ice bucket. Next: Issey Miyake redoes the Big Gulp for 7-Eleven? —By Belinda Luscombe

human, Japanese, unsettling films," and Dr. Akagi fills Imamura's bill. The plot—a family doctor (Akira Emoto) dedicates himself to fighting a hepatitis epidemic in the last days of World War II—might suggest solemn hagiography. But Akagi boasts the loopy zest and daringly shifty tones of Preston Sturges' medical comedy-drama, *The Great Moment*. Akagi is aided by a morphine-addict doctor and a semi-reformed whore (smart, sensuous Kumiko Aso). This movie has it all: whales, A-bombs and some prime sexual kink. Forty years into directing, Imamura says this may be his last movie. If so, it's a nifty one to go out on. —By Richard Corliss

### BOOKS

**REPORTING LIVE** By Lesley Stahl Turn to the index of this memoir from the *60 Minutes* correspondent, and under the entry "Donaldson, Sam" you'll find this subhead:



ing: "physical appearance of." Stahl describes her Watergate rival as resembling "a long-lost brother of Mr. Spock." *Reporting Live* is more engaging as an amalgam of such observations and tidbits than it is as a chronicle of Stahl's assignments during the '70s and '80s. The book also succeeds as a compelling portrait of a mother-daughter relationship: Dolly Stahl's a lot more quotable than Roger Mudd. —By Gina Bellafante

### OUT OF THE WOODS

**By Chris Offutt** Everything works except plot in the author's third book of short stories, which is to say, everything is believable except what happens. The stories are good anyway. Offutt knows his people—Kentucky men, drinkers, loners unsurprised at being kicked out by wives or girlfriends. He dreams in their language: "The next time I visited Tarvis, I drank the neck and shoulders out of a fifth while he talked." But Tarvis commits suicide in an elaborate, pop-novel way. Another man, a trucker, picks up a woman in a bar, is later arrested for dynamiting a dam, still later learns that the woman, for murky reasons, blew up the dam. Not much of this is convincing, and the author, a gifted realist, needs to look again at real lives.

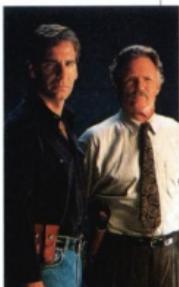


—By John Skow

### TELEVISION

#### TOM CLANCY'S NETFORCE ABC, Feb. 1, 4

So who bumped off Steve Day (Kris Kristofferson, right), commander of Netforce, the elite FBI unit set up to police the Internet in 2005? Is it Mafia don Leong Cheng? Nerdy computer titan Bill Gates—oops, strike that—Will Stiles? More important, who is sabotaging the Netforce computer system and threatening global stability? Trust acting commander Alex Michaels (Scott Bakula, left) to get to the bottom of it all. After a choppy start, the multiple storylines of *Netforce* rev up smoothly, coalesce and—with a couple of neat twists—hit the finish line grandly. —By William Tynan



NEIL STRATTON/ABC



Joshua Quittner

# The Little Dictator

A digital device can translate your voice into type. But first you have to learn how to talk to it

MY COMPUTER DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ME. I TRIED talking to it reasonably, but it was fruitless. When I said, "You say po-tay-to, I say po-tah-to; you say to-ma-to, I say to-mah-to," it heard, "Using potato vice, the auto use a tomato." While the idea of potato vice intrigued me, I was getting discouraged by my machine's tin ear. I spent a week with Dragon NaturallySpeaking Mobile (\$250), a 4-oz. tape recorder that holds 40 minutes of speech and fits in the palm of my hand. It's designed to take dictation.

I talked into it "naturally," then plugged it into the serial port of my PC, where my voice was magically transcribed into text. The company claims that it can be better than 95% accurate.

People want to talk to their machines. Lawyers and doctors who dictate case notes could use it. So could people who spend a lot of time working outside their office or in their cars. Bruce, the guy who works on my house, uses one to prepare estimates. Brilliant as he is with his hands, he doesn't type.

Another major market is people who type too much and suffer from repetitive-stress injury. According to some estimates, within a few years half of all workers who type on computers will complain of some form of RSI, from numb fingers to inflamed wrists. In fact, I decided to try out NaturallySpeaking Mobile because of Dragon Systems Inc.'s history of making great voice-recognition software. NaturallySpeaking Preferred, for PCs. I've known lots of reporters with burned-out wrists who now dictate their stories and who swear by Dragon's products.

So was I the problem? I talked to Kevin Gervais, who provides tech support for Dragon, and he was mystified. First, he made sure that I had an adequate sound card (check [www.naturallyspeaking.com](http://www.naturallyspeaking.com) for a list), a minimum of 32 megs of RAM and a 133-MHz or better PC. Since the recorder comes with a good microphone and headset, that wasn't an issue, though it can be if you just use the software on your PC without the recorder. Then we went



## Dictation to Go

■ **Dragon's NaturallySpeaking Mobile**  
(\$250; 617-965-5200)  
Weights 4 oz. and  
holds 40 minutes  
of speech. Includes  
voice-recognition  
software, microphone  
and headphone set.

over the setup procedure. I had read 20 minutes of a Dave Barry book into the recorder to familiarize it with my voice, as required. Next, I had transferred that sound file to my PC, where it crunched away on it for 45 minutes, trying to sort out my way of talking.

An English speaker uses 40 different sounds, called phonemes; the Dragon system used our training session to predict how I would say each of those sounds. Finally, I dumped in a few columns of "vocabulary builder" so the software could learn some of the peculiar phrases I use, such as "trainshouters" and "Bust-A-Move." Everything checked out. "My guess," said Gervais, "is that just by being more conscious of how you speak, you'll improve your accuracy."

He was right: learning to dictate to the machine was trickier than I had supposed. For instance, I pronounce the article "a" as "uh," but the machine understood it only if I said "ay." Also, Gervais admitted, there was a bug in my version (3.01) of the software that cut off the first utterance of any dictation. That bug has been squashed. Now the device is getting better than 90% accuracy and types "tomato" just as I say it.

I'd recommend NaturallySpeaking Mobile to anyone who requires a dictation system. But don't expect to use it right out of the box. It will take more than a few hours to learn how to avoid potato vice. ■

For more on voice recognition, refer to [timedigital.com](http://timedigital.com) on the Web. Questions for Quittner? E-mail him at [jquitt@well.com](mailto:jquitt@well.com)

## What's Next, Free PCs?

COMPUTERS ARE GETTING SO CHEAP, sellers are practically giving them away. Last week online retailer OnSale ([onsale.com](http://onsale.com)) began hawking computers at wholesale prices, featuring a Compaq Presario with a 333-MHz Cyrix chip, for example, for just \$560 (monitor sold separately). Earlier this month, Packard Bell NEC unveiled a \$500 machine powered by a 300-MHz chip. Once a novelty used by upstart vendors trying to get the edge on market leaders, inexpensive PCs are becoming the norm, with average retail prices hovering around \$1,000.



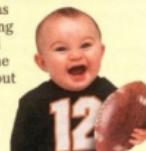
## Bid for Antiques Online

THINK ONLINE AUCTIONS ARE A RISKY, low-brow affair only a bargain hunter could love? Not anymore. Now the 255-year-old New York City-based auction house Sotheby's is bringing some class (and clout) to the category with its plans to start selling items online, beginning in July with baseball

memorabilia. You'll have to wait for the big stuff, though; for now, only items valued under \$10,000 will be sold on the site.

## When Abstinence Is Best

SPORTS FANATICS, TAKE HEART. THE folks at [Babycenter.com](http://Babycenter.com) understand the turmoil of deciding whether to watch the Super Bowl or sit by your wife's side during labor. To avoid such complications, use the site's Conception Blocker to make a few quick calculations and avoid planting the seed at a bad time. After all, the World Series is but nine months away. —By Anita Hamilton





Christine Gorman

# Still High on Fiber

**Eating fruits and vegetables may not protect against colon cancer, but it's good for your heart**

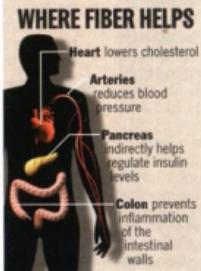
IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU REACH FOR A BOWL OF ICE cream. For years researchers have said that maintaining a diet that's high in fiber—found in fruits, vegetables and whole grains—should lower your risk of developing colon cancer. Now comes word that a study of nearly 89,000 women, published in last week's *New England Journal of Medicine*, has found that fiber makes no difference. A smaller study of men in 1997 arrived at a similar conclusion. This is the sort of neck-snapping nutritional news that drives

consumers crazy. First something is good for you; then it's not. Who knows what it will be next week?

Well, here's my advice: Don't trade your oat bran for fried onion rings just yet. There are lots of other reasons, backed by solid research, to eat plenty of fiber. Study after study shows that fiber lowers blood pressure and cholesterol level, as well as your chances of developing adult-onset diabetes. And even if it turns out that fiber doesn't prevent colon cancer, it does help maintain your intestinal health in other ways. Folks who eat lots of fruit and vegetables don't usually develop diverticulitis, an often painful inflammation of the intestinal wall.

What made anyone think fiber could prevent colon cancer in the first place? It all started 30 years ago, when a British medical missionary named Denis Burkitt suggested that the reason colon cancer is rare in Africa is that Africans consume much more fiber than North Americans and Europeans. Perhaps, later researchers argued, the extra fiber sweeps the bowel clean of potential carcinogens or somehow alters the intestinal chemistry to retard tumor growth. A few small studies supported the link, while others didn't.

Enter the Nurses' Health Study, an ongoing analysis of the health and nutritional habits of more than 120,000 female registered nurses that began in 1976. Last October researchers from the Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston used the data to determine that women who daily consumed at least 400 micrograms of folic



emerged. After excluding women who had already developed colon cancer or had other factors that might skew the data, the researchers found 757 cases of colorectal cancer from 1980 to 1996 among 88,757 women. Yet the nurses who consumed the most fiber (around 25 g a day) were no better off than the ones who ate the least (10 g a day). There was an indication that "fiber from fruit might protect against colon cancer," says Dr. Charles Fuchs, a gastrointestinal oncologist who led the study, "but the data weren't statistically significant."

So what should you do if you're worried about colon cancer? Current evidence suggests you take a multivitamin that contains 400 micrograms of folic acid, don't smoke, avoid eating red meat more than five times a week and get plenty of exercise. Whatever you do, don't use the Nurses' Health Study as an excuse to skimp on fruits and vegetables. The rest of your body may never forgive you. ■

For Web resources on colon cancer, visit [time.com/personal](http://time.com/personal) or [cancernet.nci.nih.gov](http://cancernet.nci.nih.gov). E-mail Christine at [gorman@time.com](mailto:gorman@time.com).

## GOOD NEWS

### Diet Pill: Effective, If Messy

IN A STUDY RELEASED LAST WEEK, obese dieters taking the drug Orlistat lost more weight (19 lbs.) in the first year than dieters taking a placebo (13 lbs.) The drug also helped them keep the weight off. Side effects include cramps and "fecal incontinence." The drug awaits FDA approval in the U.S. but is now being sold in Europe.

## Food Supplements Online

LOOKING FOR THE LATEST ON ZINC, fish oil or St. John's wort? Check out [www.nal.usda.gov/fnic/IBIDS](http://www.nal.usda.gov/fnic/IBIDS). You won't find full-length scientific-journal articles, but you will be able to read research citations and abstracts and link to general-information pages and other helpful sites.

## BAD NEWS

### Heart Drugs Go Begging

Percentage of heart-failure patients who are prescribed:

ACE inhibitors

40%

Beta-blockers

5%

Source: American Journal of Cardiology

A PANEL OF 150 experts last week concluded that many congestive-heart-failure patients are not getting the best possible treatment. The experts recommend a regimen that includes digitalis and diuretics as well as two other key drugs, ACE inhibitors and beta-blockers, which are now underprescribed.

### New Links to Lung Cancer

WHEN NONSMOKERS SUFFER FROM lung diseases such as emphysema, chronic bronchitis or asthma, their lung-cancer risk rises as much as 94%. The cause might be genetic or the result of chronic inflammation.

—By David Bjerkle

Sources: *Journal of the American Medical Association* (1/20/99); *NIH American Journal of Cardiology* (1/23/99) supplement; *American Journal of Epidemiology* (5/99)

A young boy with dark skin and short hair, wearing a red hoodie and light blue jeans, is hugging a yellow Labrador Retriever. They are in a grassy field with a blurred background.

LEUKEMIA

MADE HIM A

PATIENT.

WE HELPED HIM

BECOME A KID

AGAIN.

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Daniel Kadlec

## Spread Your Bets

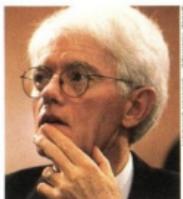
If you "buy what you know," you may hold too much stock in the industry that employs you

PETER LYNCH BECAME A FABLED MONEY MANAGER and best-selling author mainly on the back of a simple investing principle: Buy what you know. But how can the average investor square that strategy with the equally compelling mantra: Diversify for safety? It's one thing for a pro like Lynch to gain enough knowledge about enough stocks to own only those that he understands—and still be diversified. He's got the time and resources. Most individuals, though, are doomed to a far narrower scope. Their best

edge may always reside in the company or industry where they work.

And there lies the rub. Odds are you're already overinvested in the stock of your employer. Credit the explosive growth of 401(k) retirement plans, in which a growing number of participants receive a matching contribution in their employer's stock. In such plans, participants on average hold 54.6% of their assets in their employer's stock and, amazingly, many are raising that allocation even further. The Investment Company Institute reported last Thursday. The proliferation of stock options further skews more and more Americans' holdings toward the stock of their employer. What's more, some of your best ideas for investing in what you know will naturally involve the industry in which you work, including your employer's suppliers and customers—and perhaps even its competitors.

But keep in mind that your most valuable asset—your career—is linked to the health of your company and industry. While you should invest enough in your 401(k) to receive any match that your employer offers, it's generally a mistake to voluntarily buy more of your employer's stock—no matter how bright you consider its prospects. Rough times can hit a company or an entire industry without warning. A portfolio diversified among five or more industries, including some that are sensitive to the ups and downs of the economy (airlines, builders, equipment makers) and some that aren't (food, drugs), gives you a cushion. If achieving diversifi-



### Peter Lynch Says ...

#### ■ Buy what you know

But you probably already own too much stock in the industry you know best.

#### ■ Diversify for safety

But can you know good stocks in half a dozen industries?

cation means passing up what looks like a sure thing in your field, so be it.

Some companies own enough diverse businesses so as not to pose much risk no matter how much stock you own. GE, for example, is in at least six different industries at home and abroad, from finance to broadcasting (NBC) to medical equipment. And, with a little work, it is still possible to gain an edge on enough companies in other industries to properly diversify. Lynch says the average person can spot two or three opportunities a year just by keeping an eye open for a hot new product

or a perpetually crowded new store. A few evenings' research into the firm's financials and competitors, and you're set.

In this way and others, investing should be fun. I recommend setting aside a small portion (no more than 10%) of your portfolio to play hunches. Call it your fun money. If you want to take a flyer on a stock in an industry to which you're already heavily exposed, take the cash from your hunch pool. Meanwhile, make sure that your other 401(k) and any additional retirement accounts are invested in diversified stock funds or, if you're a stock picker, spread among other industries. There's nothing wrong with having confidence in your employer. But even Bill Gates sells Microsoft shares regularly to diversify. ■

See [time.com/personal](http://time.com/personal) for more on diversification. E-mail Dan at [kadlec@time.com](mailto:kadlec@time.com). See him on CNNfn at 12:45 p.m. E.T. Tuesday.

## Make Those Pennies Count

IF YOU'VE FINISHED STOCKING UP on stamps, here's another way to get rid of those dusty pennies. Just stop by a supermarket like Kroger or A&P, and drop your change (the silver stuff included) into a Coinstar machine, which gives you a voucher good for cash or groceries (less an 8.9% commission). To find a terminal, call 800-928-2274.

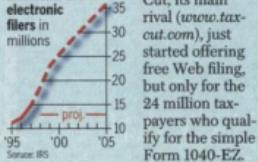


## File Tax Returns Online

WHY CAN'T DOING TAXES IN THE digital age be as easy as buying a book online? This year it may be. Last week Intuit launched a service at [www.websurftax.com](http://www.websurftax.com) that lets users securely fill out and file all returns (\$10-\$20 each) on the Web without downloading any software.

Kiplinger Tax-Cut, its main rival ([www.tax-cut.com](http://www.tax-cut.com)), just started offering free Web filing, but only for the 24 million taxpayers who qualify for the simple Form 1040-EZ.

#### Individual IRS electronic filers in millions



## Helping Blacks Buy Homes

BLACK HOME OWNERSHIP TRAILS that of whites by nearly 30 percentage points—a gap Fannie Mae hopes to close. The federally chartered mortgage financier announced a partnership with the N.A.A.C.P. and BankAmerica last week to provide \$110 million in financing aimed at helping disadvantaged blacks and other minorities obtain a mortgage with only a 3% down payment.

For information on the program, which begins in a month, call 800-732-6643.

—By Daniel Eisenberg



Charles Zhang  
Certified Financial Planner



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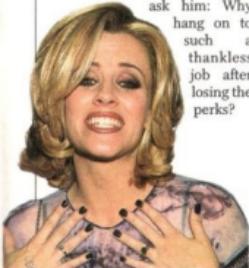
The National Software Testing Laboratory Inc. (NSTL) found that when printing a color photo on coated paper in 720 line mode, the EPSON Stylus Color 640 and 740 print up to twice as fast as other printers. The NSTL report is available by calling 1-800-GO-EPSON. NSTL testing uses typical software, applications, and conditions. Actual results may vary according to applications, print settings and computer configuration. Prices may vary. Epson and EPSON Stylus are registered trademarks of Seiko Epson Corp. PerfectPicture and Micro Piezo are trademarks of Epson America, Inc. ©1999 Epson America, Inc.

By MICHELE ORECKLIN

## PEOPLE

### Jenny Come Back

Stars with fading Hollywood careers can turn to a few time-honored options to regain the spotlight: check into the Betty Ford Center, get arrested, or impulsively marry someone you met on the set of your latest movie. As marriage requires the least commitment, it was no wonder that **JENNY McCARTHY**, 26, the once reigning blond, got engaged last week to John Asher, 28. After all, it had been a little over a month since she broke up with Ray Manzella, 50, her boyfriend-manager of four years. McCarthy found fame on the MTV game show *Singled Out* and obscurity on the NBC sitcom *Jenny*. She met Asher, a director, on the set of her new film, *Diamonds*. Manzella will continue to serve as her manager, but maybe someone should ask him: Why hang on to such a thankless job after losing the perks?



### DO YOU THINK I'M FOXY?

Had she called herself Mary Poppins, her career might have been different. But by adopting the name of the street-tough title character of a blaxploitation classic, rapper **FOXY BROWN** gave herself a lot to live up to. She proved worthy on her first album, *Hi Na Na*, with lewd lyrics, a hypersexual persona and platinum sales. Brown, 19, now has a second album, *Chyna Doll*, an equally provocative effort. She bristles when asked if she's going too far with her spiked heels and X-rated raps. "What's going too far? Marilyn Manson urinates on a crowd, and he's respected," she says. (Actually, he denies urinating on anyone, and his respect is somewhat dubious.) Nevertheless, Brown's not changing. "You're still going to see the stiletto heels and the sweats. That is the real Foxy."



### How to Divorce A Billionaire

Last week Mick Jagger countered Jerry Hall's announcement that she is filing for divorce by claiming, on technicalities, that the two were never legally married. The move shifted sympathy to Hall and took the sport out of choosing sides in the breakup. But for those craving more closely matched feuds, the battle over child support between Revlon head **RONALD PERELMAN** and ex-wife **PATRICIA DUFF** should fill the void. Duff wants \$10,000 a month for the couple's daughter, Caleigh, 4. Duff already gets \$12,000 a month for Caleigh and \$1.5 million a year for herself. But Perelman, reportedly worth \$6 billion, let his bid for sympathy slip away when he took the stand and said it takes only "about \$3" a day to feed the child when she's with him. (Her menu: pasta, cereal and chicken fingers.) The next day he clarified his remarks, saying he actually spends \$1,000 a day on her. Over to you, Patricia.

### Letters Home

What some recently relocated cagers might be writing this time next month:



Greetings from Houston!

Well, I sure don't miss the Windy City. It's a lot warmer here without that long shadow that always seemed to dog me in Chicago, and my relationship with the Rockets owner is a lot less chilly than the one I had with Jerry Reinsdorf. Too bad I won't be seeing you in the play-offs. Take care, Scottie



Hey, Golden States!

Life in the Big Apple is different. They have rats the size of Volkswagens. Yesterday I choked one, who disrespected me, and he choked me back, playing for the Knicks.

Playing as far as things go, I'm not even in the starting lineup. Gotta go—I'm meeting Spike for pregame nachos. XOXO, Latrell



Well, here I am in New York/L.A./Chicago. In case you haven't seen my picture lately, my hair is green/magenta/thinning. I'm still married/unmarried/neither. I'm also pursuing my career as an author/movie star/public menace. And yep, I'm still dressing badly/badly/badly, Peace, The Worm



Charles Krauthammer

## The Worst Idea of the Decade

*In a crowded contest, the nod goes to Clinton's Social Security investment plan*

**I**N HIS STATE OF THE UNION ADDRESS, PRESIDENT CLINTON said he wants \$2.7 trillion of projected government surpluses set aside for Social Security. That is a good idea. He then wants a quarter of that, about \$675 billion, invested in the stock market. That is a bad idea. Indeed, it might just be the worst idea of the decade.

Decisions about investing this huge sum will be given to some neutral body, says Clinton. Fat chance. There is no way federally appointed investors are going to pick and choose stocks without Congress or the White House pressing for choices that please political constituencies or conform to political pieties.

Does anyone really think that members of Congress, who routinely pilfer billions of tax dollars for post offices and bridges in their own districts, will shy away from influencing the direction of this huge investment windfall? And even if they are not so crass as to pick a shipbuilding company in their district, they will be issuing every conceivable ideological litmus test for these investments.

Companies that deal in tobacco, belch sulfur dioxide, support Planned Parenthood, finance risqué movies ... the verboten list will be endless. Consider how city pension funds and university trust funds are pulled in and out of politically (in)correct investments at the behest of pressure groups—and multiply that by a thousand.

Even if the government investors could will themselves into strict political neutrality, they would distort the market simply by their size: \$675 billion is a lot of money. The traditional role of government in a free market is to act as arbiter to prevent monopolistic big guys from dominating the market and pushing around the little guys. But once government became a player, it would be the biggest guy on the block, bigger than Standard Oil, IBM and AT&T were in their biggest, baddest days. Why sue Microsoft? The Federal Government could simply buy it.

And why in the first place do we want government money invested in private companies? The world has had 50 years of bitter experience with the failure and sheer destructiveness of nationalization. After World War II, the British Labour Party seized the "commanding heights" of the economy, nationalizing everything big in sight: coal and steel and rails and utilities. By 1980 Britain was the sick man of Europe.

Over the past two decades we have learned that the best thing

government can do is rid itself of involvement in the private economy. From Britain to Chile to China, privatization has everywhere proved an economic boon. Investing Social Security funds in the private economy is a total reversal of this salutary trend. The idea is to get government out of private industry, not in.

The capital markets of the U.S. are the largest and most efficient in the world. They are a miraculous engine for creating wealth. They take surplus existing wealth and—directed by no one person or institution but instead by the impersonal action of thousands of independent investors—allocate it to the most productive new-wealth creators.

It is Adam Smith's invisible hand operating at breathtaking efficiency. Clinton proposes adding to the operation of this finely tuned machine the heavy hand of government. This is the ultimate in killing the golden goose. What it does not disrupt it will corrupt. The most valued piece of information on Wall Street will be not the earnings forecast for IBM but the investment plans of the Big Fed Fund.

Finally, efficient capital markets must permit big bankruptcies—something governments are loath to do. Will government allow companies in which it has large stakes to fail—and thus jeopardize the pension income meant to keep retirees out of poverty?

Not very likely. And this introduces yet another distortion: moral hazard. Companies with large government investments will enjoy a special, if unacknowledged, safety net and thus be tempted to make highly risky business decisions, secure in the knowledge that they are too important to the Federal Government to be allowed to fail.

All these distorting effects—for what? Investing in the market might not increase net government revenues anyway. Yes, stocks yield more than bonds. Redirecting federal money from bonds to stocks, however, will raise the interest rates the Treasury pays on the trillions that the Federal Government has borrowed. What it would gain from its stock investments it would at least partly give up in the increased cost of debt service.

This whole crazy idea has the mark of Big Government types (Democrats) trying to appease privatization types (Republicans). But this scheme for pouring government dollars into Wall Street is precisely the antithesis of privatization. It is velvet-glove nationalization. It is the last thing free-marketeteers ought to countenance. It is the last thing the country needs. ■



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